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THE PROFESSOR'S DAUGHTER

BY ANNA CHAPIN RAY

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY HUTT

FIRST CHAPTER

ON EAST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, in the city of New York, there stands a house which several years ago had evidently ceased to care for personal appearances. Even at that time, like the middle-aged woman who has done the same thing, it was becoming unattractive. An unostentatious sign, almost hidden by the ivy that framed the front windows of this house, read, "Dr. Everett Layton"—nothing more. No mention was made of which branch of his profession the physician practiced.

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At a glance it was impossible to say whether the practitioner, through professional despair, had given up blowing his own trumpet, or whether an assured position had rendered such vocalization unnecessary, but visitors to that part of the city, born with their eyes open, would be assured during the doctor's office hours that success had walked his way, judging from the number of rings at the door-bell and the worldly position of the equipages driven up and down in front of the house, in waiting. It was evident that money sought the doctor without his seeking it.

One morning at about eleven o'clock, the office, a room converted from a once gaudily decorated parlor into a reception room for patients, was filled with people waiting their turn for consultation. The silence peculiar to such an office was all about. Impatience, expectancy, nervousness and fear composed its elements.

Some of the waiting patients read papers or periodicals placed at their disposal on a large centre table; others stared out of the windows resignedly; several sat with closed eyes behind dark glasses; one wore a shade; only two were cheerful when they entered—a mother and daughter of the gay world, whose hopes did not seem to hang upon a diagnosis, and even they ceased to chatter after a few moments. Presently a bell rang and the young girl who attended the door came into the room. Indicating a small, tired-looking man she said, "It's your turn next, sir."

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A strong, abrupt, masculine voice was heard saying in the hall, "You'll be all right, Mrs. Bannock. I assure you the black spots mean indigestion—nothing more. No more midnight suppers, early to bed and late to rise for a while, and the spots will turn white. Good morning. Been resting! Do you call a summer at Newport resting? Spend October and the rest of September at your town house and you'll be saved from your friends. Nobody will disturb you so early in the season. Good morning."

"Jenny, who is next?"

"Mr. Furgason, Doctor."

"Send him in." And the Doctor's quick, firm step receded down the hall, followed by the tired-looking man. All was still again in the office excepting an occasional impatient tap of a foot, the rustle of a skirt, the sound caused by a change of attitude, until the front door bell rang again and a woman was admitted. She moved quietly to the chair vacated by the last patient gone in for consultation, took the seat, gave one indifferent glance at the room and its occupants, then began to read a book she carried under her arm. The others looked at her longer, but there was nothing about her to watch with special interest, so she was soon forgotten as far as they were concerned.

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She was the kind of woman who would never attract attention. Her face in repose seemed cold and indifferent in its nearly classic outline. Intelligence and refinement were the native expressions. The eyes that occasionally glanced up from the book were a steady gray, with a calm, unworldly light in them suggestive of vespers, and approaching twilight on a clear day. The mouth was more human, but even so it did not speak of a capacity for laughter. She was dressed in clothes that indicated closer acquaintance with the living world, its foibles and conventionalities, than did her face. Evidently she belonged in a world to which, by virtue of her higher instincts, she did not belong.

Again the Doctor's voice was heard at a distance saying, "Bear up, Furgason. Face the truth, and I'll see what I can do."

"Isn't there a ray of hope, Doctor?" the man asked, as they walked together toward the front door.

"I can't see it if there is," came the reply. "You journalists are fools the way you strain your eyes—your one stock in trade beside your brains. Come back to-night out of hours and we'll talk it over when I have time. Bear up, old man; there's always something to do in the world." Just then they passed the door leading into the waiting-room, and the latest arrival, glancing up, saw the man, Furgason, hold out his hand to Doctor Layton in silent despair. The men stood with clasped hands a moment, then the condemned went out and the Doctor hurried back to his consulting room, evidently much disturbed by the recent interview.

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One after another the patients answered the call of the bell, returning in added depression of spirits, or relief. Fully an hour elapsed before the late comer was called, but she sat quietly reading, as though it were her habit to wait, or her habit to control impatience. When she finally went into the consulting-room Doctor Layton was standing by a window with his back toward the door, looking out in a fatigued, abstracted way.

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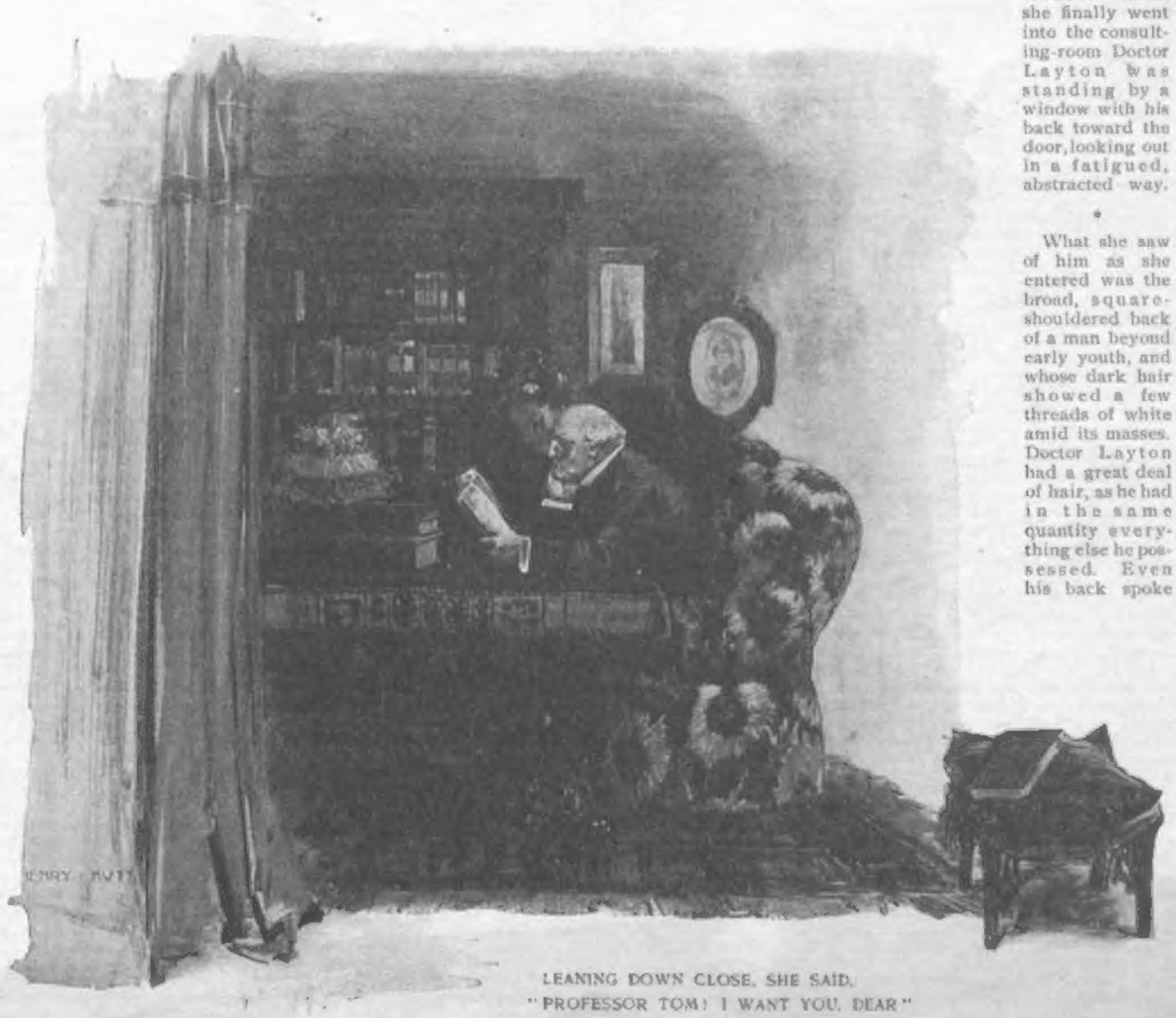
What she saw of him as she entered was the broad, square-shouldered back of a man beyond early youth, and whose dark hair showed a few threads of white amid its masses. Doctor Layton had a great deal of hair, as he had in the same quantity everything else he possessed. Even his back spoke



LEANING DOWN CLOSE, SHE SAID, "PROFESSOR TOM! I WANT YOU, DEAR"

NORRIS

of abundance of strength, vitality and nervous force, though at the present moment there was in his attitude what people seldom saw, if he felt it—fatigue. As he turned to greet the patient, his deep blue eyes lost the look of exhausted sympathy, changing to an expression of smiling hospitality.

"Miss Fremont, if I am not mistaken?" he said. "It has been years since I saw you last! I hope nothing serious brings you to me now."

"That is for you to decide, Doctor Layton," Miss Fremont returned, in a gravely agreeable way. "For months my vision has seemed to be growing dim; the tendency has been to rub away a mist, but rubbing does no good."

"Indeed! Take this seat and let us see about it," he replied, indicating a large stationary chair, and absently rubbing some dust off it with his handkerchief as she removed her hat and veil. He made the examination, his face assuming the while a more serious expression than that usual to the requirements of the professional manner.

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"Is there much the matter, Doctor?" asked Miss Fremont quietly.

"I don't make a diagnosis in a moment," he replied abruptly. "Turn your head this way a little."

Silence again, then quickly, as he did everything, he asked, "How much have you been using your eyes?"

"Not more than five hours a day of late," she replied.

"Uh! What were you doing?"

"Reading and making notes for my father."

"You have been in Europe for some time, haven't you?"

"Yes, for two years; most of the time in Italy and Greece, where my father has been collecting material for a History of Myths that he is compiling."

"He is compiling and you are doing the writing, I suppose?"

"No; I have only done some of the mechanical work for him; that is all."

"Miss Fremont, before I give a professional opinion, it is necessary for me to know something of my patient and her habits. I met you a few times socially five or six years ago, then lost track of you. I remember talking to you once through a dinner at your cousin's, Mrs. Hastings, when you told me how beautiful the earth would be to you if there were no people in it, forgetting that I was a person, and then you quoted something to the effect that 'only man is vile.'

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"I have always remembered that speech. Now I must ask you to tell me something of your life and pedigree, so that I may construct a sequence of causes, hereditary or otherwise, leading to an effect."

A WOMAN ENTERED

"There is little to tell, Doctor. My life has been uneventful. My father is a New Englander, and went West as professor of history in a Western college soon after he graduated. There he married my mother, the daughter of a senior professor. Mother died when I was four years old, and a maiden sister of father's came and kept house for us. She, too, died, when I was seventeen and about to go to Vassar, for which college I had prepared. Her death necessitated my remaining at home to keep house for father, which was a disappointment, I confess, as I was ambitious in those days for an education.

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"Soon after, my grandfather Fremont's death made us independent of a professor's small salary—father was his only son—so then we began to gratify our hearts' desires—travel for me and books for father, who never was an ambitious man. He is perfectly happy if you leave him alone with a book. I have to take his meals to him sometimes, because he prefers reading to eating; even then he will not eat unless I sit by him and make him. My mother's name is the only thing that will rouse him when he loses himself entirely in mediæval events. When you met us five or six years ago we had been for a long time in Jerusalem and Constantinople, where father had gone for the purpose of comparing the life of Christ and Mahomet by means of local history and color. I remember I did feel exactly what I said to you after living amid thousands and thousands of human beings—and, in fact, do still. I must have quoted Reginald Heber—'Though every prospect pleases, and only man is vile.'" She narrated her personal history in an impersonal way, as though it were not worth all the words she used.

SOME READ NEWSPAPERS OR PERIODICALS

Doctor Layton sat looking at her as she talked. When she paused, he said, "I expect the trouble with you is that you live among men without knowing them in the least, Miss Fremont."

"Perhaps. Sometimes I have thought they did not show themselves to me at their best. Then I really know very few people. Father can't talk anything but books and me, and I am weak in small talk myself; but to return, we lived here in an apartment for several years. My cousin, whom you know, is literary inside and fashionable outside, consequently we were dragged about from place to place, until I was nearly worn out and father perfectly distracted. Finally, one cold day, I found him, books in hand, sitting out on the fire-escape, where he had fled when visitors arrived, so I just put a stop to it all by taking him back to Europe, where we have been ever since."

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Miss Fremont paused again, smiling at the remembrance, and Doctor Layton, laughing in his bright, boyish way, took out a note-book and scribbled down:

"Miss Louise Fremont:—Vitiated circulation by inheritance and habit extended to the eye."

Then said, as he added a few more words, "Go on."

"There is no further to go. We are here now for the winter, I suppose. We began to feel some of what the Germans call Heimweh, and came home, landing two weeks ago. On the steamer crossing, a patient of yours, Mrs. James Eliot, recommended you as an eye specialist, and remembering that I had met you long ago, I have come to you to know what that mist over my eyes means."

"Have you lived out-of-doors much at any time in your life?"

"No; very little since I was a child. Wherever we go we settle down in a boarding-house or pension and live most of the time in libraries, cathedrals and picture galleries—at least, I visit the latter; father seldom does nowadays. It is so fatiguing."

"Rather a musty life, I should say. It smells of first editions and Elzevirs. Which do you like best, the sea or the mountains?"

"Oh, the sea! My feelings for places are not very warm-blooded, I fear, except for the ocean. For it I have as nearly a passion as I have ever felt."

"That is a good beginning," muttered the Doctor, tapping thoughtfully on the table. "How old are you, Miss Fremont?"

"Twenty-four," she replied.

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This he put down in the book, too, then standing up in dismissal, he said, "I am not prepared to give an immediate opinion. This much I will say and insist upon—give your eyes absolute rest until a week from to-day; then come back to me."

"But what will become of the History of Myths if I can't help father?" she asked.

"Let it go to hades, along with the gods it treats of, and other useless individuals. Your eyes are of much more importance. I do not ask you to do this—I lay down the law. If necessary, I will tell you there is something radically wrong with your eyes. Now, will you do as I say, Miss Fremont?"

"I suppose I must," she replied, rising and preceding him down the hall. "A week from to-day? One week is not much to take from father, but I hardly know what he will think. He could not understand my being ill, or incapacitated for work. I haven't been confined to my bed for years."

"You mean you haven't stayed in bed when you ought to have done so," he replied.

"Perhaps, once or twice," she confessed.

Layton opened the front door for her himself, holding out his hand in farewell as he said "Good morning. I wish there was some one to look after you. Be good to yourself, if only for the sake of my reputation. I can't diagnose refractory cases successfully."

"I'll try," she replied, looking up at him. "Good morning, Doctor Layton."

"Cæsar's ghost!" he exclaimed mentally, after closing the door. "I have found a curiosity—a woman of bones, covered with spirit instead of flesh. She doesn't know how to feel. I wonder if she is happy, or if she is even contented!"

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· SECOND · CHAPTER ·

EVERY man knows his own New York. Every great city is to the individual as he happens to encounter one of its many sides. Below Fourteenth Street and east of Broadway there is a New York almost unknown to transient visitors and to a large majority of the people whose names fill the directory of that city. It is not the Bohemian side; not the side of faded aristocracy, nor the home of the genteel poor. This place might be called a "retreat for the tired," but it is not. A stray wanderer through its limited extent would naturally look for a churchyard as a fitting background to its solemn repose, or see in imagination a mediæval church without the yard, as in similar localities in London. But no. This spot makes its own local color, unaided either by signs of time or eternity.

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In the heart of it stands a building which by courtesy is called a hotel, though not labeled so, and whose only real claim to that nomenclature rests upon the fact that the proprietors are invisible to guests, who are received by a maid in English servant costume. This woman, with quiet, well-trained manners, assumes the place of a clerk, albeit escorting you to your room herself. Under her command works a corps of similar women. There are no servingmen on the premises. Behind this well-greased machinery stand two ladies who are proud of their grandfather, who left them, many years ago, nothing but a capacity to provide for themselves in this way a living, which, according to hearsay, has grown fat with years. Six long dining tables each seat a dozen people, most of whom are what the world calls "characters," because each has chosen some road of life not of conventional pattern, retaining the while an immaculate virtue and love of respectability. Louise Fremont had been put on the track of this quiet place over in Paris by a maiden lady, who traveled with a companion when in Europe and wrote unpublished magazine poetry and attended club meetings when in America.

THAT WIDOW

She admitted to Louise that the best lessons in patience and perseverance she had ever received came to her by sending out her verses to magazine editors.

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Owing to this lady's advice in the matter, Miss Fremont had brought her father to The Salvadore, and settled him for the winter in cosy rooms with grate fires, and his books, which, with the exception of his literary Lares and Penates, had been stored during their residence abroad. Miss Fremont walked directly to The Salvadore from her interview with Doctor Layton. Before removing her hat, she rapped on her father's door. Receiving no answer, she knocked more loudly; then, after waiting vainly for some answering call, she entered, only to find him, as she expected, sitting by a writing-table buried in a dissertation upon the erstwhile sacred person of Rübezahl, over which he had been poring when she left the hotel several hours previous.

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Professor Fremont was picturesque as he sat there typifying the scholastic ascetic, whose mind has never grasped more of eternity than the past, whose importance is only as the germ to the disease. Although a man of but fifty odd years, he had from youth lived on the wrong side of old age, thus encouraging time to ride rough-shod over his body. His hair was white and thin, as was his face, only saved from a pinched look by the tender, kindly lines about the mouth and the confiding expression of the faded gray eyes, which could twinkle like a boy's upon the rare occasions when he saw a joke. Tiny wads of paper were scattered all around his chair on the floor, the result of a nervous habit of tearing off small pieces of paper and rolling them into these wads between the thumb and fingers of his left hand whenever he was at work. His daughter called softly: "Father, it is time for lunch," but she proved an unsuccessful rival to Rübezahl. He read on, oblivious of her presence, rolling the bit of paper in his hand back and forth in regular time. She called again, without better results; then, leaning down close to his face, said gently, in the lowest pitch of her voice, "Professor Tom! I want you, dear," at which he started slightly, answering, "Yes, Mary love, I'm coming—coming in one moment." Miss Fremont repeated the words, and then he looked up, saying, "Oh, it's you, Louie! When did you come in?"

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"Are you ready for lunch, father? Shall we go down before I tell you what the Doctor said, or afterward?"

"If you are willing, I'll wash this dust of Rübezahl off my hands before we go down. Oh, yes—the Doctor! I do not quite recollect what you went to see him for, Louie; my health is in most excellent condition."

"It was not about you this time, father. I went to see an eye specialist. Don't you remember I told you about that film I feel across my eyes sometimes? I went to see about it."

"Yes, yes—of course. I've no doubt you use them too much, daughter. I have told you how pernicious I hold those fine embroideries and stitchings women do to be for the eyes, and you write so much for me, besides." Miss Fremont only smiled, and

answered: "They bother me a great deal, so I consulted Doctor Layton, a specialist here. He says I must rest them entirely for a week, then go back for another examination."

The Professor, who by this time had washed his hands in his bedroom adjoining, came back drying them on a clean towel (he was immaculate about his person), saying the while, "Repeat that, Louie. I hardly think I grasped the idea." She told him again. He dropped the towel on the floor and, looking at her as though puzzled, asked in surprise: "How is that? You are so strong and well! so very vital! Perhaps he has made a mistake. Do not be alarmed." Then, as though suddenly recollecting: "How can we stop work this week, Louie? Those notes on Rübezahl must be copied out or I shall not be ready for the next chapter in the book. Can't you wait until next week?"

"I am afraid not, father. The Doctor was imperative in his commands. He fears there is something serious the matter, you know."

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"Serious! Something serious the matter with my little girl! We must not allow that! Of course we will rest. We will take a turn in the park every day, and only write an hour or two." He patted her several times on the cheek, saying, "You grow more like Mary every day. Few men were ever blessed with such a wife and daughter." Miss Fremont took the delicate hand in her own, passing his arm around her neck, and as she leaned against the slightly stooping shoulders, she said: "It must be beautiful to be loved as you loved mother. I wonder how women feel when they are the one and only thing on earth to a man they love."

"Why, dearie, don't you know? Surely you are the only thing to me."

"Yes, the only human thing, but the books come first," she replied, with an unconscious plaint in her voice. "Mother came before the books."

"Come, come, Louie. Don't be jealous of the books. You are everything to me—you are all I have, except in remembrance."

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"And you are all I have in any way, father dear. But come, we must not be love-making while lunch and the ladies await you. You are a dangerous man with the ladies. I have my eye on that widow who sits next you, and if she smiles once too often at your bon mots I'll take you back to Italy."

"And how about the Italian chevalier who asked for your hand, declaring it to be the summit of his heart's ambition to kindle a fire beneath the heart of The Lady of the Snows—his Edelweiss? Would we not be jumping from the frying-pan into the fire?—to use a homely expression."

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"Now, father, I told you never to speak of him again. He thought we were rich. Get ready instantly. The widow and the chevalier will keep, but lunch is fleeting." She mechanically picked up the towel he had dropped, returned it to its proper place, and they went downstairs together. The Professor had no idea that towels or handkerchiefs belonged any place in particular but in the hands, the coat-tail pocket, or on the floor. One evening at a dinner in Rome, Miss Fremont saw her father offer his arm to the lady he was to take in, and as he bent over his dinner partner with his courtly, old-fashioned manner, Miss Fremont saw the red border of a towel hanging from the tail pocket of his dress coat. She was in the habit of carrying an extra handkerchief of his with her, in view of such situations, so she crossed over and handed him one, knowing that he would not take out the towel as long as his hand or lap was filled with linen. Out of working hours the Professor did not shun mankind, and especially not womankind, unless they were of the particularly gay world, whose language did not hold his attention. He was apt to be absent-minded, but always gallant in manner when not dreaming, and he possessed a quiet humor which among people invariably made him the centre of a group of young girls, who pronounced him "an old dear."

At the Fremonts' table sat a middle-aged woman who read manuscript for a publishing house and did some editorial work; a bachelor of the legal fraternity, who has boarded at The Eldorado for twenty years and never missed a meal there during the winter season; an Episcopalian clergyman, who had left his fold in search of city missionary work, and his wife with their two children; a retired Navy officer, his wife and daughter; transients over from Washington for a week's visit, and the widow whose smiles have been referred to, and whose occupation was uncertain, although her actions indicated that she was out on a matrimonial hunting expedition.

WITH CLOSED EYES
BEHIND DARK GLASSES

The last-named sat at the left of the Professor, and had lost no time in making the best of pension privileges regarding table talk. As Professor and Miss Fremont seated themselves, the widow settled her eye-glasses, and after hastily swallowing some hot soup, remarked, "A fine day, Professor Fremont."

"Wonderful, no doubt, madam," replied the Professor, bowing slightly in her direction. "I can only see it through your eyes, as I have not yet investigated for myself."

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"Your literary work demands much time, I presume," she continued.

"Yes, madam; most of my day. But you apply too exalted a term to my humble occupations. 'Literary' signifies a high degree of attainment in the world of letters, while I am but an historical dabbler, with more ambition than results."

"Ah, Professor!" showing a good supply of sound teeth and a broad, fat smile. "Your friends cannot permit you to underrate yourself. I am sure you are too modest about your work."

The Professor, having no memory for names, took refuge in addressing all women as madam, all men as sir. Now he replied:

"You are kindness itself, madam; but, truth to tell, my daughter is the better workman of the two, and unfortunately she must take a little vacation, owing to some trouble with her eyes—only temporary—consequently this next week our work will stand still. My daughter has just returned from an interview with an oculist. What did you say his name is, Louie?"

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"Dr. Everett Layton," replied Miss Fremont discouragingly.

"Oh, yes, Doctor Layton. Have you ever heard of him as a practitioner, madam?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," replied the widow. "He is a man of considerable reputation. I am a distant cousin of his late wife. It's a pity he's not as good in other ways as he is in his profession."

"Indeed, yes! Just so," said Professor Fremont, coughing slightly, and looking nervous. Gossip he considered the language of Satan, which he could understand, but not speak.

"Yes," she continued, "I have my opinion, and so has the world, of the way he treated his wife before she died. I look upon it as a case of actual murder."

"How very alarming!" exclaimed the Professor. Miss Fremont, leaning around her father, asked, "Do I understand you to say Doctor Layton's wife is dead?"

"Yes. Hadn't you heard that? She died four years ago from neglect and nothing else. Men who spend all their time at the club, and in doing what club men do, ought to be answerable to the law for the unhappiness and premature death of their wives."

"Does a club man's wife necessarily die early?" asked Miss Fremont, with the thread of sarcasm in her tone that had incensed many people.

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"Most of them want to if they don't," replied the widow snappishly. "Mabel Layton was a wretchedly unhappy woman. She was proud, and went constantly into society just to show that she didn't care a bit what he did."

"Perhaps if she had stayed at home more he might have done the same thing," said Miss Fremont; then modifying her tone, she continued: "I beg your pardon; I know nothing of the circumstances, having had but slight acquaintance with Doctor Layton and his wife."

"Well, I know enough for a good many people. Since her death he has been dropped by their set entirely, and I hope he feels it."

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"Dear me! That is too bad," interposed the Professor mildly. "But no doubt that does not interfere with his professional progress. I find that society is very much in the way of good work. Do you have time for it, madam?" and the Professor delicately led the widow off the obnoxious ground, while his daughter smiled at his speaking with authority about society and its effect.

When the Fremonts went upstairs again to their library-sitting-room, Miss Fremont

HE WAS IMMACULATE
ABOUT HIS PERSON

remarked: "I suppose I was rude to your neighbor, father, but I can't bear that kind of a woman at any time, and she seemed to attack Doctor Layton with personal malice. Perhaps what she said was true about his being a fast club-man. Cousin Helen told us that about him when we were here that winter, but I don't believe any man who could speak to another as I heard him speak to a patient who is going blind can be depraved."

"That the elements of good and evil in each human being balance those same elements in every other human being we must remember, Louie. This man errs in one direction, that in another, some one else in another—and so it goes. Every being is more accountable for his motives than for his actions. The progress toward the spiritual life is slow, but certain; however, progress moves in the mass, not through the individual. Men who have been the chief instruments in the progress of the world have been weak in the flesh—often unvirtuous men. Universal love will bring universal salvation—no man is entirely depraved."

"I wish I believed that easy creed, father, but you know I have no sympathy with the privileged sinner."

"Learn to pity the weak—not to judge them harshly, dear. The world knows not any man's heart, my daughter, nor his temptations. But we must set to work; my little sermon is finished. The notes I made this morning are on the desk."

"You forget that I am not to use my eyes for a week, father," said Miss Fremont, looking almost ashamed of the fact.

"To be sure! My memory is so abbreviated! I seem to put a period after every thought! Then shall we walk out a little before I resume my reading?"

The tall, spare man strolled up the avenue, taking his daughter's arm as they crossed Broadway and Fourteenth Street, for he never felt safe on crowded streets, nor would she permit him to wander about alone, for fear the company of some historical character would obscure his vision of a surface car, dray or cab, and some accident occur.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Miss Anna Farquhar

The Author of The Professor's Daughter

MISS ANNA FARQUHAR, the author, is very young in the field of story writing, but if one's work counts for anything, if it is in any sense an earnest of what is to follow, it may safely be predicted that this modest young woman of thirty-two is destined to win for herself an enviable literary reputation.

She took up story writing only three years ago, but she has already made a name for herself. And no one is more surprised at the discovery of her talent than Miss Farquhar herself. When she was mapping out her plan in life, she decided to break away from family traditions and train her voice for the operatic stage—grand opera, of course.

But she was planning without taking into consideration her physical abilities. Her enthusiastic study ended in a physical collapse. She found it impossible to pursue her musical studies, and though she kept on for several years, working in Boston, New York and Europe, in the end she was obliged to give up the idea of training her really remarkable voice for an operatic career.

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But during her study Miss Farquhar found time to write musical criticisms for Boston newspapers, and when it was found that her musical career was at an end several editors suggested that, though her voice had failed, she still had her pen, and it was hinted that, brilliant as had been her musical future, there was still a more glowing future for her in the literary field.

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But Miss Farquhar did not take up literary work until three years ago, when she acted as correspondent for the Boston Transcript while abroad. With that experience she gained confidence, and on her return from Europe submitted a story of musical life, called A Singer's Heart, to a Boston publishing house. The story was accepted at once, and modestly stepped into the world. It struck the popular fancy forthwith, and out of fifty reviews given in the newspapers, but two were adverse.

The success of this first attempt encouraged Miss Farquhar to go on. Her next success was her series of articles in The Ladies' Home Journal describing official and social life in Washington, published anonymously. Now she has entirely abandoned the art which was bound up with her life, and has chosen the path which, of all others, is the most

productive of individuality, of originality, and of self-development; she is now a writer of stories, and is throwing herself into this line of work with the same enthusiasm as that with which she entered upon and pursued her musical studies.

During the winter Miss Farquhar's home is in Boston, but she spends her summers at Noyes Beach. She is the daughter of John H. Farquhar, who was a member of Congress from Indiana. He was a close personal friend of Lincoln's for many years, and acted as one of his pall-bearers.

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In her biography of Blaine, Gail Hamilton quotes Mr. Farquhar's speech made in defense of Frye, whose assault by Conkling opened the Blaine-Conkling feud. Mr. Blaine, in his Twenty Years in Congress, makes mention of a change of vote, and the offering of an amendment by John H. Farquhar, which made possible the impeachment of Andrew Johnson.

In spite of the noteworthy career of her father, Miss Farquhar has never urged her descent as a claim for recognition. Few of the many who know her through her writings have any idea that she can boast such distinguished lineage. She is above introducing herself to the public through her father's achievements. She has preferred that her work rise or fall on its own merits. Judging

from the remarkable success which has crowned all her literary efforts, Miss Farquhar is destined to make one of America's brightest and most successful story writers.

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HIRED THE WHOLE CIRCUS

How the Candidate Won Voters

"TIMES," said Senator Sorghum reflectively, "ain't anything like they used to be. We're getting to where the first thing that's done when a good old-fashioned impulse asserts itself is to kill it with red tape."

"You think we are getting slightly effete?" inquired the political student.

"Undoubtedly. And the worst of it is, that we are getting effete-er and effete-er. I'll never forget the first time I ran for office," he went on in a dreamily reminiscent tone. "There was one township that was dead against us. And we needed it. And we got it. But we didn't send around a lot of clumsy agents, nor did we resort to any methods of surreptitious persuasion."

"How did you manage it?"

"Delicately, but thoroughly. We were a little bit annoyed at first by the fact that a circus had arranged to show at the village on the day election occurred. It was only a small circus, but big enough to make trouble unless we headed off its deadly influence.

"Its arrival was a temptation for everybody to come to town and vote, and the more votes there were the more trouble our ticket had to overcome. However, I didn't despair. When the crowd began to gather, it found canvas walls stretching from the main entrance to the polls. People who went to make purchases at the ticket wagon were informed that Socrates Sorghum, Esq., was giving a theatre party that day, and that there was only room in the tent for his guests.

"When the precious voters began to assemble at the polls, I informed them that each of our ballots had a coupon which would be stamped by a man who stood just outside, where he could see that the holder had not been deceived into voting a wrong piece of paper, and which would admit the bearer and his family to the circus."

"Did it work?"

"Work! Several of the men on the rival ticket voted for us rather than miss the circus. But you couldn't do anything like that now," he added with a sigh. "Circuses have got so big that nobody could afford to hire one. Anyhow, everything is getting sort of complex and undemocratic."—Washington Star.

WILLIAMS

THE NIGHT RIDE OF DICK BLANE

FOR THE SAKE OF DOROTHY

BY AARON MASON

With Drawings by Harrison Fisher

First Chapter

THERE were two families of the Blaines, of Blaine. Both claimed that they were descended from the original Blaine—a Saxon yeoman who had sworn fealty to the conqueror in time to save his lands from some impecunious Norman Knight.

But, naturally enough, it never occurred to Sir Richard Blaine, of Blaine Hall, that he was in any way related to Dick Blane, the smith. Possibly Sir Richard had never heard of Dick, for he was intimate in the councils of the King, and it was but little thought he ever gave to his tenants and villagers.

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As for the Blanes, the smiths, their high heritage of blood had never in the knowledge of the villagers brought forth fruit worthy of the name. In fact, when one morning young Dick Blane told his father that he had had enough of the smithy, and was going away to seek his fortune, the smith leaned on his hammer and looked at the young man in disgust. "Smithing was good enough for your fathers for generation on generation, Dick," said he, "and if you leave your trade to seek your fortune you may find the old Nick."

"Then I'll find him," said Dick, and off he went without further arguing.

The Blaine Arms was a fine old inn on the London road. It was the fourth relaying station for the northern coaches, and mine host, a portly, easy-going man, with a cheery voice and rather obsequious manners, was remembered by travelers as a fine specimen of the old English innkeeper. The inn was the only part of the village, except the church steeple, which could be seen from the road. The rest was thoroughly hidden behind huge elms that had stood for centuries in the park and grounds of Blaine Hall. Mine host and the inn were the links that bound the village to the rest of the world, and the villagers looked up to the innkeeper as the man who knew all the latest news of the French War. In those days of heavy paper duties, only the squire and parson could afford to purchase a journal regularly, and yet it must be owned that rumor, filtered through the brain of mine host of the Blaine Arms, was not more wild than much of the distillation of the modern penny daily newspaper.

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One evening, the innkeeper sat in a broad armchair at the hostelry gate, waiting for the evening mail to come lumbering over the hill, when from the opposite direction rode a horseman. Mine host thought he would have ridden by, but he pulled up suddenly and leaped from his saddle. Then he walked up to the innkeeper and offered him his hand.

"Oh, lord!" exclaimed the portly publican in great astonishment, "if it ain't Dick Blane come home—a real gentleman!"

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Dick Blane's return was a nine-days' wonder in the village. At first the voices were approving, the natural pride among the peasants that "one of us is a gentleman" drowned for a while any owlish note, but later, when it was discovered that the ex-blacksmith had acquired a certain air of aristocratic reserve, calumny and malice began to wag their tongues. These went questioning to mine host of the Arms, but he had far too great a reverence for Dick's promptly paid bills to hint at any shortcoming in such a good customer.

"Where does he get his money and his clothes? Bob Ostler gets a shilling every time he cleans his boots," said calumny.

But mine host pointed to the mare. Feeling her legs for splints which never were there, or stroking her sleek skin, he would say, "Look at this. No scoundrel could own a mare like this here."

And Bob Ostler shook his head, approving mine host's remarks. In the evening, at the alehouse in the village, Bob had an admiring circle of yokels round him drinking the last shilling he had received from Gentleman Dick. He recounted the latest news of the road; how three times during the preceding month the coach had been held up by a masked highwayman on a black horse and robbed; and how he often found Gentleman Dick's Black Bess covered with mud and sweat in the mornings.

"She must have been out all night," suggested one of the yokels.

"Oh, no," said Bob, "she was rid by a witch. Leastways, that's what Dick Blane says. And you should see the fine pair of silver mounted barkers I found in the holsters. Shot off, too, in the night. And I asked Dick if witches shot pistols. He said nothin', only laughed and gave me a crown."

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Second Chapter

DOROTHY was the heiress to Blaine in the Hollow. The beldams of the village talked of her as caressingly as the yokels gossiped of Dick Blane maliciously, and the latter had not returned to the village long before his name was so coupled with that of my lady that the gossipers could not mention one without the other creeping in.

"It's a wicked shame," said an old lady who had nursed the girl in her childhood and who was on visiting terms with the servants at the Hall. "This Dick, with all his fine clothes and his nag, ain't no better than a smith's son, and some say that he's nothing but a robber."

WALLACE

"What's that to do with you?" asked a girl more charitable than her neighbors.

"Why, he's setting his cap at my lady," said the gossip. "Miss Elaine, her governess, told me that when they were out riding the other day, this Dick came along on his horse, dressed like his betters, and when he passed he took off his hat."

"What did my lady say?"

"She bowed to him and asked Elaine who that gentleman was. 'He ain't no gentleman,' says Elaine, 'He's a blacksmith's son turned highwayman.' 'A highwayman?' says my lady. 'I am very sorry. A highwayman?' says she, and then she didn't say another word for the whole day."

"She was right," said one of the gossips. "When this Dick Blane was a little fellow and she was a wee mite of a girl, the two were often together. And he would go through fire and water to save her from a scratch. I remember when she learned to ride the little white pony the Duchess of Portland gave her, the fiery little thing ran away with her. It was this Dick Blane, hisself no more than a child, ran out and stopped the runaway and saved her life."

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"I wonder Sir Richard didn't do something for the boy," said the girl who had spoken up for him before.

"He gave him a handful of nuts, and the ungrateful young varmint went and threw them in the pond."

"I don't blame him," said the girl. "A handful of nuts, indeed!"

"Well, you would think he'd know better than set his cap at a real lady," chorused the women, and the one charitable voice was drowned completely.

Poor Dick! Setting his cap? Yes, indeed, if humble and respectful admiration, given feeling, welling up from a lonely heart were setting his cap. Hour after hour he trudged the country lanes, wandered around in Blaine park to catch a look at her. Sometimes he was rewarded with a glimpse of her; oftener the way and the lanes were lonely, and then Dick's solace was the beautiful black mare.

Late into the night he galloped her along the grass-grown wayside, mile on mile, and many a belated horseman was put to fear and flight by the wild flight of Dick Blane. These rides were absolutely necessary to the

THE HISS OF A PISTOL BULLET AS IT PASSED WAS AS NOTHING

ex-blacksmith. The element of danger in them was the only lotion to his lonely and aching heart. One night he was shot at from the scrub of the heath. He answered the shot recklessly, and rode on. The puff of fire and smoke was as nothing to him. He was wounded too surely of a glance and the memory of laughing gray eyes.

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Third Chapter

DICK BLANE leaned against the door-post of the inn. His bridle was on his arm, and Bess, ready saddled—as she often was—munched contentedly the sweet roadside grass. When she strayed too far, a low whistle from Dick brought her back with a trot. The landlord of the inn sat in his broad armchair eyeing the mare and her master with an amused smile on his face.

"You make a fine pair, Dick," he said.

Dick made noreply. His gaze was fixed on a cloud of dust that was rising up over the hill.

"But she is a lady's horse, Dick. She'd make a splendid saddle mare for Miss Dorothy."

Dick shrugged his shoulders uneasily. "There's a four-in-hand coming over the hill," he said. "And it isn't coach time by an hour. You'd better get ready to entertain some pretty rich guests, or tell Bob Ostler to get a relay ready at once."

"Maybe they won't stop," said mine host.

But they did stop. The coach pulled up before the inn and mine host was at the door pretty nimbly. For he, and Dick too, had caught sight of the Arms of Blaine on the panel of the coach.

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An old man and a youth of some twenty years stepped from the carriage. The old man was in a rage.

"You will return for them immediately," he said to the youth.

"I will not," said the young man.

"You will return at once," replied the old gentleman. "Of what are you afraid?"

"Do you think," said the young man, "do you think I am ass enough to ride fifty miles in the darkness, and risk my bones on a rough road, and my back to a highwayman's bullet, to fetch papers that were unimportant enough for you to forget?"

"Ah, I see," returned Sir Richard sneering; "you are a coward! But the papers must be out of that house before morning, or—See here, mine host; you see this fellow? He is the son of an old friend of mine. I promised him my daughter, and the coward dare not return to London at night. If there is a man within hearing of my voice who will do me this errand before morning, he shall take the coward's place."

"Sir," said Dick Blane, stepping forward, "I will do your errand."

The Squire was taken aback. He eyed his man up and down. "What is your price, sir?" he questioned coldly.

"To take the coward's place," said Dick.

The old man smiled sneeringly. But the papers were incriminating. By morning they would have fallen into wrong hands, and that meant his overthrow.

"See here, sir," said he to Dick. "The house is Wilton House, in St. George's. The papers are in a casket in my library. You may get there by morning easily enough. First prove yourself a man, then a gentleman, and we'll talk about the rest. But the casket must be in my hands by seven in the morning. Get your horse and I will prepare you further directions in writing."

Ten minutes later Dick Blane was ready and in the saddle riding to London.

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Fourth Chapter

"GENTLY, Bess," whispered Dick as they cantered over the hill. "Gently, old girl. Thou hast a long journey before thee. 'Tis the gallop of thy life."

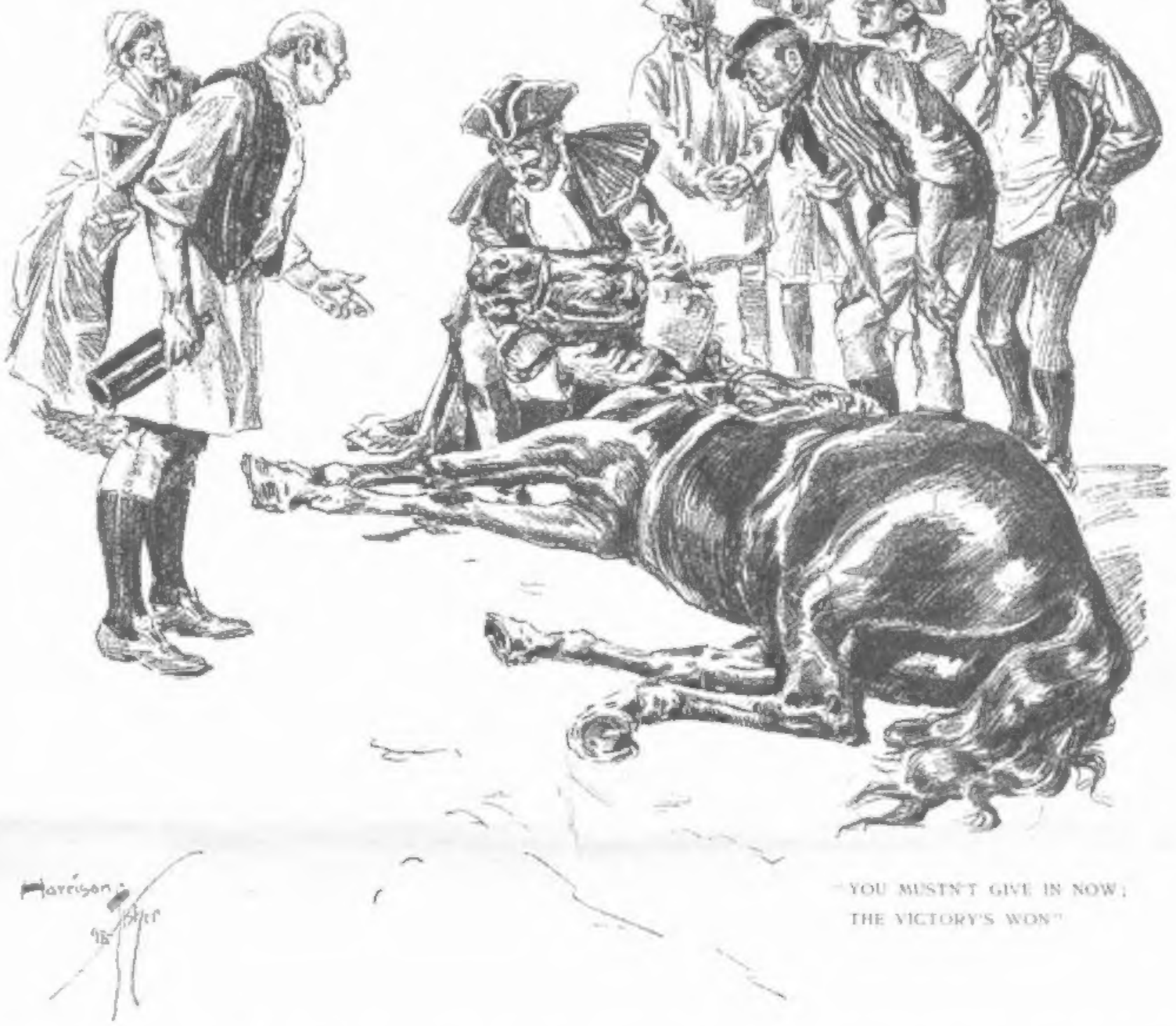
For reply the mare lay down to a long, distance-devouring stride.

"Not too fast, Bess," continued Dick. "Not too fast. The way is long. And, Bess, I have only a few shillings; I cannot give thee rest to-night. Thou must gallop all the way and back."

The sun dropped over the western hills. Dick cast his eye along the ridge which curtained off the light. The trees stood out against the flushed sky, dancing a mad step to the gallop, and a light wind rustled the furze of the heath.

Dick leaned down over the mare's neck and stroked her sleek side.

"Bess," he said, "you mustn't fail me now, old girl. The stake's too big. Carry me safely to the end and the best paddock in all the farms of Blaine shall be thine, and no knee shall ever press thy flank again."



"YOU MUSTN'T GIVE IN NOW; THE VICTORY'S WON"

The mare threw back her head as if she understood, then lay down bravely again to the work before her.

The road was strangely free from traffic. The evening coach was passed long ago. Dick laughed, as the guard, seeing in the moonlight a wild horseman riding, grabbed for his pistols. It reminded him of the nights he galloped for mere madness and loneliness. Now he was riding for another purpose.

At a wayside inn he pulled up and gave the mare an hour's rest and a feed of oats. He looked carefully to her feet, and gave the stable man a shilling to rub her down while he supped. Then he started again. At Royston Heath he made a détour. The furze was afire, and he dare not ride through it though the way was clear enough. This made it midnight before he came to the turnpike at Hatfield, and there the pike-keeper refused to open the gate. Dick would not, because of his low funds, offer him more than a shilling, and the fellow was too boorish to give way to persuasion.

"Bess," said Dick, then, pointing to the gate, "can you take it?"

At the sound of her master's voice the mare whinnied.

"You must try, Bess," he said, "or I am stranded." He led her back, away from the gate, and scrambled into the saddle, for he was already stiff with riding.

"Now Bess," he said, as she cantered sidling to the barrier, "over!"

The beautiful mare took the jump like an unleashed hound and was away over the remaining miles to London Town.

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Fifth Chapter

ALL NIGHT before the inn sat the innkeeper, his servants and a company of villagers. Many wagers had been made, and the possibilities of the journey discussed pro and con.

"If he ain't a fool—and he ain't—he'll change horses every post house," said one.

"There never was a horse foaled could do it in a night," said another.

"But Dick Blane on his black mare can do it," said Bob Ostler and the innkeeper.

When the light began to tinge the elm groves mine host took from his fob his large hunting-piece. "It's half-past four," he said. "In an hour and a half you'll see Dick Blane coming over the hill. Here, Bob Ostler, hold my watch, and wake me at five-and-twenty to six."

The ostler did as he was told, but Dick was not there at the innkeeper's time. Some of the men thereupon gave it up and went home, but just as the church clock began to strike six, a maid at the window above cried, "He's coming!"

And sure enough, there was Dick Blane riding with bowed head, his hands clutched to the mane of his once beautiful mare. Her knees were cut, and dust and sweat had caked over her sleek skin. The men at the inn crowded round them. Dick did not speak. His eyes were closed, and from his coat sleeve the blood trickled. They took his feet from the stirrups and he rolled from the horse's back on to the ground.

"Brandy, Mary, quick!" said the innkeeper to one of the maids. He poured the cognac down Dick's throat.

"Where's the horse?" he said as he opened his eyes.

The mare heard his voice, and, pushing her head through the crowd, breathed upon his face. He seized her bridle and kissed her. As he did so she fell on her knees, and then rolled over on her side with a groan.

"O God! Bess," said Dick, leaping to his feet with new life, "you mustn't give in now; the victory is won. Fetch some water, give her brandy; where is the ostler? Oh, my God, they'll let my beautiful mare die! She must not die!"

He knelt on the ground beside her and took her head in his arms.

"It's half-past six, Master Dick," said the innkeeper as he offered him the bottle. "Take another drink of this and get up to the Hall. We'll look after the mare."

The man rose to his feet, half-blindly, clutching at his pocket. He walked a few feet and then turned. The mare raised her head looking after him, and whinnied a farewell. Then her head dropped, and Dick Blane strode to the great House of Blaine with a sob.

"Madame," said Dick Blane, standing in the library half an hour later in the presence of the Squire and his daughter, "for this service your father, in a moment of excitement, promised me your hand. You know my people. My father is Dick Blane, the smith, but the blood in his veins is as blue as yours.

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"I have been a soldier of fortune. For what he has been pleased to call my bravery in the field, my Lord of Dorset obtained for me a commission in His Majesty's Guards. I now serve the King as a special messenger and equerry, under my Lord of Dorset, who will be pleased to vouch for me. I do not hold your father to his hasty promise, but if, my lady, the lifelong worship of a man's heart is of value, it is yours."

Dorothy Blaine had been standing, with eyes on the ground, but now she lifted them to his and held out her hand.

"You know," she said, and there was pride and humility mingled in her tones, "my father but promised what I had already given. Had you failed, you had not lost what was already yours, even though this could not have gone with it," and she quietly laid her hand in his.

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In the greenest and sweetest paddock of Blaine, in the hollow, there is a mound. An iron fence guards it from marauding cattle, and riveted to the rail is a bronze plate with this inscription:

Sacred to the Memory of
Bess
She laid down her life for a friend

THAT CAT

BY BEN KING

"THE cat that comes to my window-sill
When the moon looks cold and the night is still—
He comes in a frenzied state, alone,
With a tail that stands like a pine-tree cone,
And says: 'I have finished my evening lark,
And I think I can hear a hound-dog bark.
My whiskers are froze 'nd stick to my chin;
I do wish you'd git up and let me in'—
That cat gits in.

"BUT if in the solitude of the night
He doesn't appear to be feeling right,
And rises and stretches and seeks the door,
And some remote corner he would explore,
And doesn't feel satisfied, just because
There's no good spot for to sharpen his claws,
And meows and canters uneasy about,
Beyond the least shadow of any doubt—
That cat gits out."

—Ben King's Verse.

THE GENEROUS BENEFACTOR

The Business Venture of the Children

By E. NESBIT

WE THOUGHT of all sorts of ways to restore the fallen fortunes of our house. You see, we had been rich once. Oswald and Dora can remember when father was always bringing nice things home from London, and there used to be game and wine and cigars sent as Christmas presents, and boxes of candied fruit, and French plums in boxes with silk and velvet gilt on them. They were called prunes; but the prunes you buy at the grocer's are quite different. But now there is very seldom anything nice at Christmas or any other time. I suppose the people have forgotten father's address. We used to look at the advertisements in the Daily Chronicle, and one day Dickie read out this:

> "One hundred pounds secures partnership in lucrative business for sale of useful patent. £10 weekly. No personal attendance necessary. Jepson, 106, Old Street Road."

"I wish we could secure that partnership," said Oswald. He is twelve, and a very thoughtful boy for his age.

Alice looked up from her painting. She was trying to paint a Queen's frock with green bice, and it wouldn't rub.

She said, "Bother the bice; and, Oswald, it's no use thinking about that. Where are we to get a hundred pounds?"

"Ten pounds a week is five pounds to us," Oswald went on—for he had done the sum in his head while Alice was talking—"because partnership means halves."

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Noel sat sucking his pencil. He had been writing poetry, as usual. I saw the first two lines:

> "I wonder why green bice
> Is never very nice."

Suddenly he said, "I wish a fairy would come down the chimney and drop a jewel on the table—a jewel worth just a hundred pounds."

I saw H. O. open his mouth—his name is Horace Octavius, but the other is shorter—and I knew he was going to say, "Or five thousand"; so I said, "Well, she won't give us five pence; but if you would only do as I am always saying, and rescue a wealthy old gentleman from deadly peril, he would give us a pot of money, and we could have the partnership and five pounds a week. Five pounds would buy a great many things, you know."

Then Dickie said, "Why shouldn't we borrow it?" So we said, "Who from?" And then he read this out of the paper:

> "Money privately, without fees. The Bond Street Bank (manager, Z. Rosenbaum) advances cash from £20 to £10,000 on ladies' or gentlemen's note of hand alone, without security. No fees. No inquiries. Absolute privacy guaranteed."

"What does it all mean?" asked H. O.

"It means that there is a kind gentleman who has a lot of money, and he doesn't know enough poor people to help, so he puts it in the paper that he will help them by lending them his money; that's it, isn't it, Dickie?"

Dora explained this, and Dickie said, "Yes," and H. O. said he was a Generous Benefactor, like in Miss Edgeworth. Then Noel wanted to know what a note of hand was, and Dickie knew that, because he had read it in a book, and it was just a letter saying you will pay the money when you can, and signed with your name.

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"No inquiries," said Alice. "Oh, Dickie, do you think he would?"

"Yes, I think so," said Dickie. "I wonder father doesn't go to this kind gentleman. I've seen his name before on a circular in father's study."

"Perhaps he has," said Dora; but the rest of us were sure he hadn't, because, of course, if he had there would have been more money to buy nice things.

Just then Pincher jumped up and knocked over the painting water. He is a very careless dog. I wonder why painting water is always such an ugly color. Dora ran for a duster to wipe it up, and H. O. dropped drops of water on his hands and said he had got the plague. So we played at the plague a bit, and I was an Arab physician and cured the plague with magic acid drops.

After that it was time for dinner, and after dinner we talked it all over and settled that we would go and see the Generous Benefactor the very next day without fail.

Every one who reads this knows what it is like to go in the train, so I shall not tell about it, though it was rather fun, especially the part where the guard came for the tickets at Vauxhall, and H. O. was under the seat, and pretended to be a dog without a ticket. We went to Charing Cross, and we just went round by Whitehall to see the soldiers, and then by St. James' Palace for the same reason, and when we'd stopped and looked in the shops a little we got to Grafton Street.

It was a brass plate on a door next to a shop—a very grand place, where they sold bonnets and hats, all very bright and smart, and no tickets on them to tell you the price. We rang a bell, and a boy opened the door, and we asked for Mr. Rosenbaum. The boy was not polite—he did not ask us in. So then Dickie gave him his visiting-card; it was one of father's, really, but the name is the same—Mr. Richard Bastable—and we others wrote our names underneath. I happened to have a piece of pink chalk in my pocket, and we wrote them with that.

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Then the boy shut the door in our faces, and we waited on the step. But presently he came down and asked our business. So Dickie said:

"Money advanced, young shaver, and don't be all day about it!"

And then he made us wait again, till I was quite stiff in my legs, but Alice liked it, because of looking at the hats and bonnets; and at last the door opened and the boy said, "Mr. Rosenbaum will see you."

So we wiped our feet on the mat, which said so, and we went up stairs covered with soft carpets and into a room. It was a beautiful room. I wished then we had put on our best things, or at least washed a little; but it was too late now.

The room had velvet curtains and a soft, soft carpet, and it was full of the most splendid things—inlaid cabinets, and china, and statues, and pictures. There was a picture of a cabbage and a pheasant and dead hare that was just like life, and I would have given worlds to have it for my own. The fur was so natural, I should never have got tired of looking at it; but Alice liked the one of the girl with the broken jug best. Then, besides the pictures, there were clocks, and candlesticks, and vases, and gilt looking-glasses, and boxes of cigars and scent and things littered all over the tables and chairs.

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It was a wonderful place; and in the middle of all the splendor was a little old gentleman with a very long black coat and a very long white beard and a hooky nose like a falcon. And he put on a pair of gold spectacles and looked at us as if he knew exactly how much our clothes were worth; and while we elder ones were thinking how to begin—for we had all said "Good morning" as we came in, of course—H. O. began before we could stop him. He said:

"Are you the G. B.?"

"Am I the what?" said the little old gentleman sharply.

"The G. B.," said H. O., and I winked at him to shut up, and he didn't see me, and the G. B. did. He waved his hand at me to shut up, so I had to, and H. O. went on:

"It stands for Generous Benefactor."

The old gentleman frowned. Then he said: "Your father sent you here, I suppose?"

"No, he didn't," said Dickie. "Why did you think so?"

The old gentleman held out the card, and I explained that we took that because father's name happens to be the same as Dickie's.

"Doesn't he know you've come?"

"No," said Alice. "We sha'n't tell him till we've got the partnership, because his own business worries him a good deal, and we don't want to bother him till it's settled, and then we'll give him half our share."

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The old gentleman took off his spectacles and rubbed his hair with his hands; then he said, "Then what did you come for?"

"We saw your advertisement," Dickie said, "and we want a hundred pounds on our note of hand, and my sister came so that there should be both kinds of us, and we want it to buy a partnership in the lucrative business for sale of useful patent; no personal attendance necessary, and £10 weekly."

"I don't think I quite follow you," said the G. B.; "but one thing I should like settled before entering more fully into the matter—why did you call me the Generous Benefactor?"

"Well, you see," said Alice, smiling at him to show she wasn't frightened, though I know really she was, awfully—"we thought it was so very kind of you to try to find out the poor people who want money, and to help them, and lend them your money."

"Hum!" said the G. B. "Sit down a while."

He cleared the clocks and vases and candlesticks off some of the chairs, and we sat down. The chairs were velvet, with gilt legs. It was like a King's palace.

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"Now," he said, "you ought to be at school instead of thinking about money. Why aren't you?"

We told him we should go to school again when father could manage it; but, meantime, we wanted to do something to restore the fallen fortunes of the house of Bastable, and we said we thought the lucrative business would be a very good thing.

He asked a lot of questions, and we told him everything we didn't think our father would mind our telling, and at last he said, "You wish to borrow money. When will you repay it?"

"As soon as we've got it, of course," Dickie said in a business-like way.

Then the G. B. said to Oswald, "You seem the eldest." But I explained to him that it was Dickie's idea, so my being the eldest didn't matter.

Then he said to Dickie, "You are a minor."

Dickie said he wasn't yet, but he had thought of being a mining engineer and going to the Klondike.

"Minor, not miner," said the G. B. "I mean you're not of age?"

"I shall be in ten years, though," Dickie said proudly.

"Then you might repudiate the loan," said the G. B., and Dickie said, "What?" Of course he ought to have said, "I beg your pardon, I didn't quite catch what you said." That is what Oswald would have said; it is more polite than "What?"

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"Repudiate the loan," the G. B. repeated. "I mean you might say you would not pay me back the money, and the law could not compel you to do so."

"Oh, well, if you think we are such sneaks——" said Dickie, and he got up off his chair. But the G. B. said, "Sit down, sit down; I was only joking with you."

Then he talked some more, and at last he said, "I don't advise you to enter into that partnership. It's a swindle. Many advertisements are. And I have not a hundred pounds by me to lend you; but I will lend you a pound, and you can spend it as you like, and when you are twenty-one you shall then pay me back."

•

"I shall pay you back long before that," said Dickie. "Thanks awfully. And what about the note of hand?"

"Oh," said the G. B., "I'll trust to your honor. Between gentlemen, you know, and ladies"—he made a bow to Alice—"a word is as good as a bond."

Then he took out a sovereign and held it in his hand while he talked to us. He gave us a lot of good advice about not going into business too young, and about doing our lessons—just swatting a bit on our own hook, so as not to be put in a low form when we went back to school. And all the time he was stroking the sovereign, and looking at it as if he thought it very beautiful. And so it was, for it was a new one. Then, at last, he held it out to Dickie, and when Dickie held out his hand for it the G. B. suddenly put the sovereign back into his pocket.

"No," he said, "I won't give you the sovereign; I'll give you fifteen shillings and this nice bottle of scent. It's worth far more than the five shillings I'm charging you for it. And you shall pay me back the pound and only sixty per cent. interest—sixty per cent.—sixty per cent.!"

"What's that?" asked H. O.

The G. B. said he'd tell us when we paid him back the sovereign, but sixty per cent. was nothing to be afraid of.

He gave Dickie the money. The boy was made to call a cab, and he put us in and shook hands with us all, and asked Alice to give him a kiss. So she did, and H. O. would do it, too, though his face was dirtier than ever. The G. B. paid the cabman and told him where to go, and so we went home.

That evening father had a letter by the seven o'clock post, and when he had read it he came up into our nursery. He did not look quite so unhappy as usual, but he looked grave.

"You've been to Mr. Rosenbaum," he said quietly to us.

So we told him all about it. It took a long time, and father sat in the armchair. He doesn't often come and talk to us now; he has to spend all his time thinking about his business. And when we'd told him all about it, he said:

"You haven't done any harm this time, children—rather good than harm, indeed. Mr. Rosenbaum has written me a very kind and considerate letter."

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"Is he a friend of yours, father?" Oswald asked him.

"He is an acquaintance," said my father, frowning a little. "We have done business together. And this letter——" He stopped, and then said: "No, you didn't do any harm to-day, but I want you for the future not to do anything so serious as to buy a partnership without consulting me. That's all. I don't want to interfere with your plays and pleasures, but you will consult me about business matters, won't you?"

Of course we said we would, with pleasure. Then Alice, who was sitting on his knee, said, "We didn't like to bother you."

Father said, "I haven't much time to be with you, for my business takes most of my time. It is an anxious business, and one that needs close attention. But I can't bear to think of your being left all alone like this when I am away."

He looked so sad, we all said we liked being alone; and then he looked sadder still.

Then Noel said: "We don't mean that, exactly, father. It does get rather lonely sometimes, since mother died."

"ARE YOU THE G. B.?"

Then we were all quiet for a little while.

Father stayed with us till we went to bed, and when he said "Good-night" he looked quite cheerful. So we told him so, and he said: "That letter took a great weight off my mind, children. I haven't had anything that has cheered me up as that has for a long, long time."

I can't think what he meant, but I am sure the G. B. would be pleased if he knew he had taken a weight off anybody's mind. He is that sort of noble-minded man, I think.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story, The Generous Benefactor, is taken from the Windsor Magazine.

THE MODERN MUNCHAUSEN PAPERS

BY WARDON ALLAN CURTIS

Paper No. 1

THE TOUGHNESS OF THE AFRICAN SKULL

"THE native African has a very tough skull, I am told," said the store-keeper, tilting back his chair. "I was reading in the paper the other day that it was no uncommon thing for him to butt planks several inches thick and smash them into bits. I wonder if that can be true."

"True, every word of it," said the Rhode Islander who had been in the French Navy. "I have had some experience with the hardness of the African skull, myself. It was during the Dahomey war that I was one of the gallant crew of the Arethuse, which belonged to the squadron blockading the harbor of Whydah, the principal seaport of the Kingdom of Dahomey. A land force assisted us, and the town was surrounded on all sides, so that the inhabitants were cut off from all supplies. All we had to do was to wait without lifting a hand until they were starved into surrender.

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"It was tiresome waiting, with nothing but a miserable, mud-walled town to look at day after day. There were only two things visible from the ships that interested us at all, and they were two columns, a yellowish-white in color, that rose from the market-place. These we were told by the neutral natives, that went in and out of the town through our lines, were constructed of skulls cemented together, being the heads of war prisoners and of those slain by the King at his annual functions; for you must know that the Dahomian Kings decapitate a thousand men every year at a certain great religious festival which they hold.

"We grew tired of the long siege, and would have shelled the town, but mud flats and shoals extended so far out from shore that we couldn't get near enough. We could have taken the place by an attack in small boats, but the Admiral was unwilling to risk any lives, knowing as he did that the place would be starved into surrender. But before the town ran out of food, it became short of projectiles for the cannon. The natives had recklessly shot 'em all away at the land forces. I was standing on deck the evening that this news came, and was looking at the town through a glass. Just then the Admiral came along.

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"'Good evening, Baxter,' said he. He knew I was a Rhode Islander, and no common Frenchman, and so was quite familiar with me. 'What do you see?'

"'As near as I can make out, the Dahomians have run up a scaffolding around the columns of skulls and are taking 'em all down.'

"'They must intend to surrender to-morrow, and wish to carry away those war trophies with them.'

"'But they won't surrender to-morrow,' said I positively.

"'I believe they will,' said he.

"'A nigger is too slow to make up his mind so quick. They'll put it off a day or two. I'll bet you a bottle of wine they don't surrender to-morrow,' said I, for I had gotten into the habit of drinking wine to some extent, owing to the impossibility of getting root beer in the French Navy.

"'Done!' said the Admiral.

"The first thing next morning he ordered an attack upon the town in small boats. I saw he had got his back up, and intended to win by forcing a surrender without delay. We approached the shore with the line of boats arranged in a half-moon, everybody, including myself, expecting it would be an easy task to take the place. But scarcely had we come within a mile of shore when boom, crash! something struck the twelve-pounder in our bow and dismounted it. In a moment all the guns of Whydah were roaring, and the water was splashing up all around with the missiles that were plunging into it. We made a feeble attempt to reply with our small cannon, but it was no use. The bow of one boat was stove in; two boats were sinking. The Admiral ordered a retreat, and we rowed out of range at once.

"'I'd give a box of cigars to know where they got ammunition,' said he. 'They certainly were out of projectiles yesterday.'

"'I'll take the box,' said I eagerly; for at that very moment my eyes lighted on a big skull lying in the bottom of the boat. 'Those projectiles came from the columns of skulls in the market-place.'"

"Wonderful!" cried the store-keeper. "When did the town surrender?"

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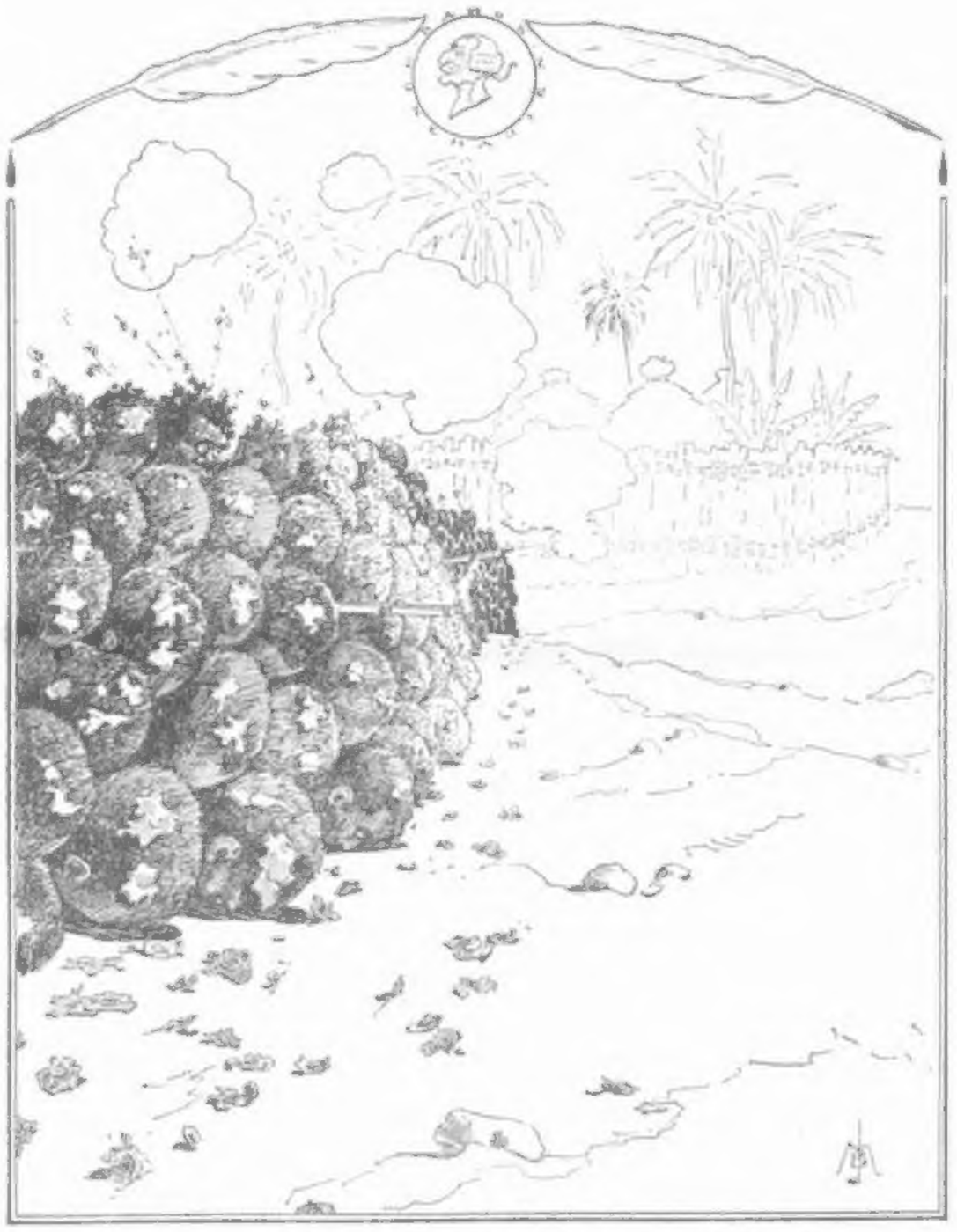
"Next day, and the Admiral paid up like a man," said the Rhode Islander who had been in the French Navy.

"Werry 'ard skulls the Dahomians 'ave, so I've allers 'eerd," said the ex-Sergeant of the Devonshire Blues, "but the South Hafrican niggers 'ave 'arder 'eads than what the Dahomians 'ave.

"When I was servin' with my regiment in South Hafrica, I 'ad some experience with what a black's skull can stand. We was way up the country chasin' some 'eathen King or other—I forget who it was now—when a little squad of us with four native 'unters was sent out to get some game for the regiment. We 'adn't seen nothin' of the enemy at all on our expedition, so when we came on the trail of a big 'erd of heliephants, we boldly pushed on, followin' into a bit of rugged country that got rougher and rougher as we went on. Before we thought, we was in the mountains, and the day was almost over. We was eight hours from camp and 'adn't caught a glimpse of the helephants.

"We decided to return to camp at once, but changed our minds when we saw two or three 'undred niggers about a mile be'ind, and comin' for us. We run, flew, but they was fresher than us—and 'ungry—and they seemed to be gainin' on us. We was beginnin' to think the jig was up. All this time we was climbin', climbin', until we couldn't climb no more on account of findin' ourselves on top of a 'igh 'ill that pitched down right in front of us as straight as the side of an 'ouse. Back of us the 'ill sloped gradually, and at the foot was the enemy, but they stayed there, 'cause we was rollin' down the big stones that covered the top of the 'ill.



"THE FANTASTIC ARRANGEMENT OF THEIR HAIR WAS SOMEWHAT DISTURBED"

"'We are safe for the present,' said I. 'We can keep those chaps away all night, and, if we could get word to camp, we'd be saved after all.'

"'Let me go down,' said one of the four 'unters what was with us; 'if you'll 'old me by the hankles and drop me straight, so I won't light on my legs or arms.'

"'What do you want to light on?' said I.

"'My 'ead,' said he.

"'Why, it's two 'undred feet down there, man,' said I.

"'That's all right, if I don't drop crooked and break a limb. Just let me try. I don't want to be et up any more than the rest.' So Dobson and I 'eld 'im by the 'eels and dropped 'im off the cliff. We 'eerd a little thump way down there, and in a minute or so we see 'im scootin' away."

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"How strange!" said the store-keeper. "Were you rescued next day?"

"We was," said the ex-Sergeant of the Devonshire Blues, "and I was made a Sergeant 'or bravery."

"When I was in Africa——" said the book-agent.

"What were you doing in Africa?" interrupted the Rhode Islander who had been in the French Navy; "selling books?"

"The first time I went to Africa," said the book-agent, "was when the Horner Magnetic Oil Company tried a new venture, and selected me as the proper man to manage it. It was the custom of the company to send through the country wagons loaded with darkies and medicine. These darkies would give a free show whenever the wagon came to a town, and after the show some white man who was along sold medicine.

"The Horners wanted to have a white free show travel through Africa and have a negro sell the medicine. They thought it would take, and, besides, they believed a few testimonials from African chiefs would look well in their almanacs.

"'Wilson,' said Mr. James Horner to me, 'Africa is the most unhealthy country in the world. We'll make it one of the very healthiest—and make money. I want you to gather statistics concerning the death rate before and after the introduction of our oil. That will astonish the Americans.'

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"Well, the scheme took. We sold thousands of bottles of Magnetic Oil, and had a continuous string of natives carrying ivory and gold and spices down to the coast. It was at the town of 'Mbangwanga that we first heard the Arab slave-traders were in the country, devastating the land, carrying off all the people captive, and, of course, spoiling our chance for trade.

"It was on the second day of our stay at 'Mbangwanga. We were in a small plain outside the town, and were just selling two dozen bottles of oil, worth a dollar at a conservative estimate, for two hundred dollars' worth of ivory, when we heard the sound of guns, and fifty Arabs came leaping out of the woods. The natives were scared nearly to death, for, though there were two thousand of 'em, they had no arms, and the Arabs had the best kind of rifles. In a few minutes most of 'em would be dead, and the rest slaves, unless we four whites did something.

"I hated to see the critters abused, and, besides, either our trade or the Arabs had to be killed. So we fired, and dropped two Arabs, and then brought down another pair. The rest stacked up a little. They stood off at a distance and kept popping away, gradually closing in, but they were mighty poor shots, and all the natives were lying flat down on the ground, so nobody got hit.

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"'They'll get us after a while, that's certain,' said Robbins, the banjo player in the show.

"'If they'd kill a few natives, we'd pile up their bodies and fight behind 'em,' said Perkins, the tambo. 'Hadn't we better kill a few to save the rest of them?'

"'No need of that,' said I, struck by a sudden thought. I began to pile the niggers up in the shape of a wall, their heads pointed toward the enemy. They were too scared to move, and in ten minutes we had a wall with port-holes in it. Then, as we kept shooting out at the Arabs, we could hear a little patter, patter, as the Arab bullets flattened on the niggers' heads. Their heads lay close together, so not a bullet touched them in a vital spot, though the fantastic arrangement of their hair was somewhat disturbed.

"When we had killed ten Arabs, the rest got together in a bunch and prepared to charge. We only had two hundred natives in the wall, and there were eighteen hundred more lying on the ground near by. Quickly we built the wall in front of us up till it was too high for the Arabs to jump over. Then, as they rushed up and got in front of it, with the help of the natives who now saw what we were about and hastened to place themselves in the proper places, we piled the wall all around the Arabs before they knew it. The rest was easy. We'd just walk around and pull out a pickaninny here and there from the wall and stick a gun through and fetch an Arab until every one of the blood-thirsty villains was dead."

"Amazing!" exclaimed the store-keeper. "Were any of you hurt?"

"None of us," said the book-agent calmly.

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Wardon Allan Curtis

was born of New England parents at Fort Sumner, New Mexico, in 1867, his father being an Army officer stationed there. The first years of his life were spent in the State of Vermont, and his education was completed at the Shattuck School, Faribault, Minnesota, and the University of Wisconsin. Mr. Curtis has been an occasional contributor to many prominent magazines and periodicals. His work shows strong individuality and unusual originality in conception.

SHIPPEN

EDITOR'S NOTE—Five separate papers will appear in The Modern Munchausen series. The first to be published are:

I—The Toughness of the African Skull . . . . . November 12
II—Famous Kings We Have Met . . . . . November 26

JANNEY

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

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Philadelphia Number

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Philadelphia, November 12, 1898

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The Weathercock a Model for Politicians

THE elections are over. The country has passed through its annual period of political upheaval. Patriotic sons of the nation have risen superior to the obsolete custom of letting "the office seek the man." In their zeal to help save their country, they have not waited for the office to seek them; they have sought it—by day and by night. No section of the country has been forced to accept any one "boss,"—it has had its choice of two or three.

Candidates for the lowest positions, and for those most exalted, have mounted the stump in their own behalf, and have unblushingly confessed their wondrous ability for the "office and mighty responsibility they felt it their duty to accept." The newspapers have exercised their ingenuity in bolstering up their own candidates, and in ruining the chances of the opposition. They have ransacked the past history of the candidates, and exposed every weakness, every flaw, under the search-light of partisan interpretation. They have shown, by their "deadly parallel columns," the inconsistency of the present actions and professions of some of the great candidates when compared with their views, speeches and attitude of, say, twenty years ago. They have reproved what they term the "insincerity," the "fickleness," the "time-serving spirit" of "this weathercock in politics."

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The weathercock has been cruelly wronged; it has been taken as the symbol of fickleness, of inconsistency, and of unreliability. But this bird should, in reality, be accepted as a type of true progressive constancy. It would teach politicians and statesmen many practical lessons, and give them examples they might well emulate.

The weathercock is always at its post. In wet weather or dry, in sun or shade, in heat or cold, it stands loyally, doing its duty. It is never led away from its clear, simple line of policy. It has oneness of purpose, and from its exalted position gives constant warning to the thousands who look up to it for direction. It never loses sight of the fact that it was placed in its position of trust for the good of others. This is something that many of our politicians overlook in their own rise to power.

The weathercock is always in harmony with the newest, freshest and strongest currents. It is thoroughly active, and progressive. It takes no thought of the past; it is vitally interested in the present; it keeps itself in constant readiness for all changes in the future—and meets them instantly. It is not fixed and immovable, rigidly set in its own ways as if they were ultimate. It is not afraid of new turns. It does not say: "Yesterday, I pointed to the South; what will people say if to-day I favor the North?" "This morning I turned to the East; can I now consistently bend to the West?" It knows no sectionalism; it recognizes that all sections come equally within the scope of its duties. Do all our members of Congress, all our Senators, all our statesmen realize this, and live up to their realization as does the weathercock?

It is true the weathercock changes its views frequently, but every change is the result of reason, of sufficient cause. It realizes that times are constantly changing, that new needs require new direction of activities. It shows no favoritism, but is willing to listen and be moved by any wind strong enough to change it from its present tendency.

The weathercock can never be bribed. It can never be swerved from the direction to which it should properly turn. It faces every quarter with a keen sense of justice, and feels no sense of shame at changing its course. The weathercock could sympathize with Gladstone and other statesmen who have suffered public criticism for their change of front.

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The weathercock keeps itself in a receptive condition at all times, and decides, and makes visible its decision, instantly, without listening to any sophistry, without deceiving itself, without thinking how much it personally may gain if the wind blows from a special quarter.

The weathercock is strictly original; it does not watch some larger or more influential vane in its vicinity. It does not trim nor modify its ideal to some special wind. There are on record in our history a few hundred thousand instances where politicians and statesmen might take a valuable lesson from the every-day life of the weathercock.

The weathercock wears its life out in the service of others. It stands bravely by its duty, despite the slurs of those it serves; it makes no complaint against being misunderstood. Why should it be blamed for changing, when its duties require it? Does not a clock change every second, and is it termed "fickle"?

For one thousand years the weathercock has been on post and spire. It was in the middle of the ninth century that Papal edict ordered the weathercock to be placed high above the churches, to be to man a perpetual warning against the weakness, the fickleness and the perfidy of Peter, who betrayed his Master. Is there not a lesson in this to those politicians and statesmen who are willing to betray themselves, their constituents, and their country?

The weathercock, through all the changes of its life, preserves its integrity, its individuality, and its self-assertiveness. It has lived up to the full measure of its possibilities; it has performed faithfully its allotted work. Let our politicians and statesmen profit by the noble example of the weathercock; let them imitate its characteristics, and they, too, will be equally exalted,—and equally lonely.

—WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN.

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Passing of the Old-Time Courtesy

IS THERE a disposition, in these days, to divorce culture and courtesy? One hears, now and then, some exponent of a courtlier age called a "gentleman of the old school," in a fashion which would imply that good manners of the deferential kind no longer exist. Certainly, that branch of learning formerly labeled in school catalogues "deportment," has been crowded out of the modern curricula. Youths and maidens are taught, instead of the polite arts, a smattering of the sciences, a language or two, and a dozen or more supposedly essential studies.

The deportment taught by the "old school" stayed longer with the pupils of those times, for even the few existing survivors of that régime are shining examples of educational methods more effective than those that obtain to-day, despite our boasted advance in culture. Human intercourse carried on according to the standards of a century ago was stilted, perhaps, but courteous always. We of this decade have gained many things our fathers knew not of, but we have paid dearly for our advantages.

There are gentlemen and gentlewomen nowadays, since in every land there is an aristocracy more or less clearly defined, but the ancient and honorable titles convey no more the fullness of significance which was once theirs. They appertain to those persons who are rich in material things, who, because of their wealth, may buy more deference than another. Personal qualities enter into consideration not at all.

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The obligations which wealth, position, power once entailed upon their recipients do not trouble the conscience of the modern liege lord. His duty toward his neighbor has but a small place in his thought, while his duty toward himself looms large in his mental horizon.

It is a thousand pities that the cardinal virtues of unselfishness, of kindliness, of considerateness, should have been so jostled and pushed aside in the march of progress. Lacking them, we must discount somewhat our present attainments. We live in an age of hurry, it is true, when the weakest of the toilers must of necessity go to the wall.

There remains, however, always time to extend a helping hand, to sweeten the inevitably bitter cup of life's woes with a little of the milk of human kindness. Such assistance costs but a trifling effort, and it seals the bond of kinship in the eternal brotherhood.

The terms of the expression of courtesy may change under varying conditions—as the minuet has given place to the waltz—but the spirit which prompts its practice may remain through the passing of the years. So may an honorable legacy be handed down among the elect, a universal prerogative of the true aristocracy, whose sons and daughters are the really gentle men and women.

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

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The Nation's New Travel Course

THROUGHOUT the whole scheme of creation, there exists a disposition in the young organism to sever its connection with and dependence on the parent life. This tendency to establish the entity, the self, is inevitable. The fledgling sooner or later forsakes the home nest.

In humanity, where the family is idealized, the launching forth of a new life into the world of active endeavor becomes, to the home circle, a momentous occurrence. The parents, wracked by grave doubts and fears, hesitate long before they relinquish their watchful authority, while the youth, eager for the untried, chafes under kindly restraint.

For the most part, mankind tacitly and reluctantly acknowledges the existence of this underlying, deep-rooted law of life. One race there is, however, which faces the situation, bows to it, even provides for it. The Germans, from whom the rest of the world have learned much that is helpful in the rearing of the young, have an established national custom, allowing to the youth of their land a period of freedom from home supervision. This is a time for seeing new sights, meeting new peoples, broadening the mental horizon. It is the "Wanderjahre," arranged for every young man, just as the marriage portion is provided for the feminine members of the household.

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However long or short the wanderjahre may be, for it is not necessarily a twelvemonth, it is intended to satisfy that longing to "see the world" which has broken so many mothers' hearts. It is the test period of the youth, the time when, amid unfamiliar surroundings, he tries his physical, mental and moral faculties.

Whatever may be the outcome of his venture, whether he comes back with dispelled illusions to the shelter of his home, or whether, his independence once gained, he prefers to live out his career in an alien atmosphere, he has at least felt himself a man, an integral part of the great mass of humanity which toils in that ceaseless struggle which, when viewed from a proper perspective, becomes history.

Although in this country of comparatively new institutions, the wanderjahre is unknown, or at best unrecognized, the young American citizen is capable of providing it for himself when the occasion offers; and the occasion offered to a vast number of them this past summer. To be sure, the year has been reduced in many cases to five months, and whole regiments have spent their wanderjahre in isolated camps. But even that glimpse of a hitherto unknown world was an experience which, under ordinary circumstances, these men would never have had.

The Army was in the main made up of volunteers barely twenty-one years of age, youths of the working class, who left their occupations in mills and shops to offer their services to their country. The average of their salaries was, perhaps, ten dollars a week—scarcely enough to allow them to indulge the taste for travel and adventure which every healthy human being possesses. The Spanish-American war gave these men a chance to change their environment. The Government provided their wanderjahre in return for their patriotic services. That they should have suffered was unavoidable. The stay-at-home rarely sees sights of accumulated misery, privation and death.

The home-coming of our soldiers from the field has been attended with so much criticism and dissatisfaction that the elements of good in the recent campaign have been overlooked. Not the least of its benefits was the experience through which the men of the country have gone, as they themselves will willingly acknowledge hereafter.

There does not live a veteran of the Civil War who would exchange his checkered career with the most placid of the peace advocates. What he witnessed in those dark days was life, seething, struggling, forceful life, and he has felt it, and been in it, and of it. So, too, there is not a volunteer of this later war who will be less a man because he has watched open-eyed by the rude bed of a sick comrade, or because he has later solemnly buried that comrade in three feet of water in the swamp lands of Cuba or Porto Rico.

Whatever may have been the part he played in the international episode which will go down to posterity as the Spanish-American war, there is not a man of them all but will, in later life, recount with pride his share of adventure in camp and on the battle-field to a group of admiring children; and among his hearers will be one, a little lad, who will follow with breathless interest the telling of the tale.

Then in his unformed mind will grow a fixed determination to do, when his time shall come, as his father or his grandfather did before him. It is the stirring of the wings, —the longing for the wanderjahre. —F. B. SHEAFER.

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The Waste of Public Opinion

IN A REPUBLICAN society like our own, criticism of public men and public measure is essential to public vigor, health and efficiency.

Our rulers are our representatives; they use authority which we have placed in their hands. We have a right, therefore, to call them to account. As the only real source of authority, it is the duty of the people of the United States to discharge the function of criticism truly, frankly, and with the force of deep moral and political convictions. We have never lacked sharp criticism in this country; but it is a serious question whether the form which that criticism has taken of late years has been wise or helpful. There is reason to believe that a good deal of it has been wasted. It has been too often captious, arrogant and supercilious. We have fallen into the habit of indiscriminate condemnation of our public men. We assume that they are either incompetent or corrupt.

In many cases they are incompetent; in a few instances they have been corrupt; but in the long fight against political combinations and selfish political leaders we have formed the habit of putting all public men into one class and speaking contemptuously of them, and of treating the public life of the country as if it were on a monotonously low level. We have forgotten that enduring fact of human life everywhere, which Burke had in mind when he said that it was impossible to indict a nation. Like Dogberry, we have insisted upon writing ourselves down an ass!

No public life is ever without its gradations of intelligence and virtue: no party of public men is ever wholly bad or wholly good. Our reformers have lost influence by the monotony of their denunciations; they have ceased, in many instances, to be critics, and become common scolds. There is no surer way of making men indifferent to public opinion than by making it clear that public opinion has no clear perception and no rational judgment behind it; that it is simply a one-sided view of things. There is no quicker way of making men dishonest than by treating them as thieves.

We have had too much indiscriminate fault-finding during the last two decades, and too little effective criticism. We have weakened the force of public opinion; it ought to blast like lightning, but the politicians it ought to destroy have come to laugh at it. It goes wide of the mark through lack of discrimination; it is diffused over large groups instead of being concentrated on the few who ought to be its victims.

—HAMILTON W. MABIE.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

NOTE—Under this heading will be given weekly letters from readers on topics treated in the editorial columns of the POST. This will afford our readers an opportunity to discuss the subjects from all sides.

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

The editorial, Spinsters from Choice, has furnished me considerable entertainment and instruction in the reading. But the thought occurs to me that many of our esteemed maiden ladies are such from choice,—it is second choice. Jesting aside, however, the tendency of women to assert their independence is lamentable. The idea is gaining prevalence that marriage is too commonplace; it gives too little scope for individuality; it prevents the winning of fame in any special line. This is one danger in woman's progress. Her advance within recent years has been so rapid and so radical that there is a tendency to forget or ignore the very basis of woman's nature—love.

In business fields women treat the men with whom they come in contact as inferior beings; they are assertive and arrogant, and when wrong and deserving of reprimand they invariably withdraw under the cloak of femininity and expect the men to treat them as they would treat any lady. They desire to enter business on an equality with men, but when men treat them as men they feel insulted, and their indignation is aroused.

Emphatically, let women either avoid business life altogether, or let them enter it on exactly the same plane as men.

Chicago, Illinois, October 30. BUSINESS MAN.

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

It is with regret that I see Benjamin Franklin's paper indorse editorially any form of alliance with England. We do not want to "clear the way for an Alliance"; Englishmen and Americans are too similar to fraternize. The Englishman is too grasping to enter into any form of alliance, unless he can benefit himself. Let America work out her own destiny.

A TRUE AMERICAN.

Millbury, Massachusetts, November 6.

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Mr. Robinson, in his editorial, Modern Side of an Old Boast, which appeared in a recent issue of the POST, seemed to me to be judging progress entirely from the material side. The building of great public works, the laying of fine roads, the change from clay to stone, may be overdone. We may be carrying this civilization, of which we boast, just a little too far.

Perhaps I am an old conservative, but it seems to me the simpler we can live, and the less frills we can put on, the sweeter is life and the more truly enjoyable all its benefits. We are living at a break-neck pace, and soon we must put on brakes or our speed will hurl us from the track to destruction.

Bangor, Maine, November 2. F. D. E.

THE GREATEST PLEASURE-GROUND IN THE WORLD

OLD PENN MANSION—LANSDOWNE ENTRANCE

By WILLIAM PERRINE

WHEN Dom Pedro, the amiable, quick-eyed and herculean-framed Emperor of Brazil, was driving one day to the Centennial Exhibition, in the summer of 1876, he glanced up and down the Schuylkill, near Belmont, as far as his eye could reach.

"It is a great pleasure ground for your people in Philadelphia you have here," he observed; "in my travels I don't think I have seen anything more admirable for its purpose."

Far off below lay the busy city in the haze of a July afternoon; the river, like a silver ribbon, lay before him; the drives were filled with carriages and horsemen; the hillside was alive with throngs of merry-makers, and in the distance, toward the north, was the calm of a sylvan solitude.

A century before, the French Marquis de Chastellux, as he gazed upon the same natural scenery, before art had come to its aid, was moved to heartily exclaim that nothing could surpass the *coup d'oeil* which the banks of the Schuylkill presented.

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In all the provision which American cities have since made for the relaxation of their people, none has been able to equal this great domain in its extent, the variety of its landscape, and the charm of its romantic history. In Europe it is surpassed, in extent, among parks for the people, only by the Prater, of Vienna. Its three thousand acres, its two hundred thousand trees, its streams and cascades, and islands and hills and glens, traversed by fifty miles of carriageway, and its scenes of gayety and diversion when sometimes a quarter of a million Philadelphians may be found there, impart to it the mingled charm of natural and artificial beauty.

When the English Quakers first came to Philadelphia, they gave to a hill which rose close from the shores of the Schuylkill the name of Faire-mount: Penn had almost a mind to live there, and the name by which he knew this summit not only clung to it, but has extended to the region which stretches for nearly thirteen miles along the river and the stream that leads to Chestnut Hill.

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No two poets ever had less in common than Tom Moore and John G. Whittier. But they both found in the scenery of the Schuylkill images or suggestions of delight. The old tale as to how the Irish bard dwelt like an exile in a lonely cottage still standing on its western bank, was only a romantic myth, but what he did see there, as he passed through the woods of Belmont, inspired him to two of his prettiest poems. Hundreds of young women in Philadelphia may even yet be seen visiting this part of the Park every summer, quoting the ballad which begins:

"I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled
Above the green elms that a cottage was near,
And I said if there's peace to be found in the world
A heart that was humble might hope for it here."

Perhaps less familiar is the other poem, which Moore addressed to a lady in Philadelphia whose accomplishments had charmed his susceptible heart:

"Alone by the Schuylkill a wanderer roved,
And bright were its flowery banks to his eye,
But far, very far, were the friends that he lov'd
And he gazed on its flowery banks with a sigh."

Whittier, when a young Quaker editor, fighting up the anti-slavery cause with a Philadelphia weekly paper sixty years ago, would go to Fairmount with his friends after the work of the day, although he would not admit that the Schuylkill could efface from his mind the recollections of his New England Merrimac. There, too, in earlier times, Franklin would often spend Sunday with his comrades of the Junto in reading poetry or weighing the problems of religion; and in the Park may still be found the house in which, perhaps, lived that William Coleman upon whom he passed the celebrated compliment, that "he had the coolest, clearest head, the best heart, and the exactest morals of almost any man I ever met with."

The Schuylkill to-day is most known as the source of the water supply of Philadelphia, as a race course for oarsmen, and as the scene of the sport of the clubs whose boat-houses are nestled along its eastern bank in a long row above Turtle Rock.

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From out of the hot contests of the "Blue Devils" and "The Imps," in a past generation, has grown what is now known as the Schuylkill Navy, whose National Course, from Rockland to the Falls, has been rowed over in the past thirty years by the crack oarsmen of England and America. But there are still a few old men who can remember, as lads, when the Schuylkill was a famous stream for fishermen, when shad swam in as far as Manayunk, and when three thousand catfish would sometimes be caught during one night in a single net. Indeed, "The Colony in Schuylkill" once ruled over much of what is now Fairmount Park, in accordance with the precepts of Izaak Walton.

On the west side, not far from the graceful bridge on which the Pennsylvania railroad crosses the river, they had their "castle"—the resort of the jolliest good fellowship that could long be found among the public men of Pennsylvania. There, with great ceremony, each spring the Baron of this piscatorial principality received from his liege tenants the first catch of the season for his rent, and Governors, Chief Justices, Congressmen, Judges and Mayors, in straw hats and white aprons, pared potatoes, shelled peas, fried fish, and performed all the work ordinarily assigned on such occasions to cooks and waiters. When the nation's foreign allegiance was thrown off, the Colony in Schuylkill became the State in Schuylkill; it is now known under that name, and, although much of its old-time glory is gone, there is still a quiet little "castle" near the mouth of the Wissahickon in which it survives as the oldest club of its kind in America.

Another company of merry fishermen, which long ago passed into the State in Schuylkill, also had a castle at the once choice fishing grounds of the Falls of Schuylkill. Here, in former years, flowed a cascade, of which the murmurs could be heard five miles away, and which gave to the place a name that cannot now be understood by those who go thither in search of a cataract, only to find a few gentle gurgles.

Canal and dam have destroyed the picturesque flow of the water, as well as the fishing grounds. But the Falls gave to this part of Fairmount a pleasant celebrity to many a traveled American, who has eaten suppers of "catfish and waffles" in the wayside inns.

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It was the name of this fish that the Indians gave to the Wissahickon. Flowing between big hills in the upper end of the Park, amid a luxuriant woodland, cutting its way through a wild gorge and sometimes darkened by the density of the foliage hanging over it, this lovely little stream is full of the spirit of Nature's romance.

The drive which winds along its bank is highly picturesque for nearly six miles. There it was that George Lippard, the weird novelist, whose works were read by millions of his countrymen fifty years ago, was married amid the rocks, in the moonlight of a summer night. There it was that the pious John Kelpius meditated in his cave over the profoundest mysteries of religion with his Bible and his Latin books, writing hymns and purging his soul for the advent of The Woman in the Wilderness. There, too, was the Monastery, in which the strange ascetics known as "The Hermits of the Ridge," following the example of Kelpius, prayed and studied and toiled in the fervor of one of those remarkable mysticisms of German piety two centuries ago.

Yet near this region of "Devils' Pools" and "Indian Rocks" and "Lovers' Leaps" may be found the site of so practical a place as the first paper mill in America, as well as the birthplace of David Rittenhouse, who was considered foremost among the ablest astronomers and philosophers of his day.

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And now rapidly glancing in another direction, or over the farthermost portions of the West Park from Lansdowne to George's Hill, may be found the traces and memorials of an event which hundreds of thousands of Americans still remember with a sense of national pride.

Those who came to Philadelphia in 1876, among the multitudes that commemorated the centenary of Independence, and who have not since seen Fairmount Park, will recall the vast halls, the towers, the galleries and the treasuries of art and industry over which ten thousand men and women kept watch and ward. From the main building, with its twenty-one acres, to the pretty little abode of the subjects of the Bey of Tunis, there were not fewer than one hundred and ninety buildings within the railway-girted grounds.

MEMORIAL HALL

WASHINGTON MONUMENT

ARTHUR MANNS

More than ten million dollars were expended on a work which has since been eclipsed in America only by the World's Fair, in Chicago's Jackson Park.

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Not less than eight million persons paid their way into the grounds, and on one day the amazing spectacle, up to that time unprecedented in this country, of 274,000 men, women and children gathered together within the Centennial's two hundred and fifty acres, passed off with scarcely an arrest for even tipsiness. But nowhere can there be found a more impressive illustration than the old Centennial tract to-day presents of Prospero's lines on the "insubstantial pageant faded, which leaves not a rack behind."

All that now remains of that summer of glory are the Art Gallery, Horticultural Hall, the Ohio House, the Elizabethan Cottage of the English, the statues and the fountains. The great Main Building for several years was used for a permanent exhibition; it was intended to establish there another Kensington Museum, after the London idea, but it was then too far distant from the city,

and finally the vast structure was sold as junk and scrap for something less than a hundred thousand dollars.

And so it was that nearly all of the Centennial city of the Park long ago disappeared; and smooth swards and flower-beds and laughing children now take the place where reigned the gayety of one of the greatest of the modern fêtes of nations.

Wherever we may turn in Fairmount Park we come across some relic of estates in the days when the most eminent men in American history were hosts or guests under the roof-trees which have not yet perished.

Washington dined in some of them, made merry with the fishermen of the State in Schuylkill, rode through the woods time and again in his coach or on horseback, listened to the good stories of Judge Peters at Belmont, and planted there a chestnut tree. Lafayette, on his last visit to America, in his old age, also planted by its side a walnut tree. Belmont, during fifty years, was the resort of at least four Presidents, many Cabinet Ministers and Senators, poets, wits and foreign diplomats. John Adams, Alexander Hamilton, Robert Morris, Thomas Jefferson and John Quincy Adams were a few of the foremost men of his day whom Judge Peters delighted to summon to his hospitality. Much of the old mansion still remains, now a pleasant rendezvous for the people on many occasions.

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At Lansdowne, or on the site of the present Horticultural Hall, stood the mansion in which, after Waterloo, Joseph, King of Spain, and brother of Napoleon, had his dinner parties, and charmed his neighbors with his democratic manners, or—at other times—reminded them of a gentleman farmer.

There, also, had lived the Binghams, the richest and most fashionable family of their time, one of whose daughters, it is said, captivated the fancy of the young Orleanist Prince, who, a generation later, became Louis Philippe, of France, and whose addresses were then rejected because of his uncertain future. But there also came to Lansdowne the clever Alexander Baring, who carried off the beauty of the household, and when he made her his bride they spent their honeymoon in "The Hut," near the mansion. In time the husband became the famous Lord Ashburton, of British diplomacy, and it was thus from the Barings, of England, that Philadelphians, in 1866, purchased the charming Lansdowne region for the Park, and with the condition that it would be used only for the purpose and pleasure of the public.

Within that part of the domain used for a zoological garden, the largest and most varied on this side of the Atlantic, is a curious square house in faded yellow, built, in 1785, by John Penn, a descendant of the founder's family, scholar, poet, and afterward dramatist in England. He named the house "The Solitude," and there lived with his library and his wine cellar to cheer him in his meditations and his verse-making.

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Across the river stands a still more interesting relic. It is the little house in which William Penn himself lived—what might be called his first executive mansion when he came to Philadelphia as Proprietary and Governor of Pennsylvania. For two whole centuries it had stood in the ancient street of the business quarter, surrounded by the modern warehouses. In recent years it was carefully removed to Fairmount Park, where it was situated not far from those grounds in the southwestern outskirts of the Park where the worthy Penn cultivated vineyards, and to which he brought his French *vignerons* in the hope that he might produce wine that would be equal to the wine of France. What is now known as Lemon Hill was perhaps the Vineyard Hill of Penn's grape-growers, whose grapes, by-the-by, turned out to be good for nothing.

But Lemon Hill retains more closely the memory of another historic character—Robert Morris, financier of the Revolution, millionaire United States Senator, party manager, and the first man to receive an offer of the post of Secretary of the Treasury. His country seat—"The Hills," it was called—was here an abode of hospitality when Morris was the first citizen of Philadelphia. Washington, while President, often rode out there to drink tea with the man who was one of the principal props and pillars of his administration.

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The fate of poor Morris was failure, bankruptcy and the prison. Before taken into custody he had retreated to his mansion as a refugee from his creditors; thoughts of suicide came into his distracted brain, and he dared not appear on the hill lest a creditor who was secreted with a gun among the trees would shoot him down. A statue of the generous, patriotic financier is likely soon to look down upon the Schuylkill near the place where he spent the happiest days of his sadly closed life.

The Lemon Hill Mansion of to-day was built by another opulent merchant. Henry Pratt laid out there a beautiful garden, which was long one of the exclusive "sights" of Philadelphia, but the hill now is thronged on every summer day with thousands of the people listening to the public band.

Walking a mile farther to the north, amid flower-beds, play grounds, and groups of merrymakers, we come to a Colonial house associated with the life of the most infamous character in American annals. To Mount Pleasant, as it is called, Benedict Arnold, while he was still in the confidence of his country, carried the beautiful Margaret Shippen, of Philadelphia, as his bride, and there probably began to hatch the treason which culminated in the bargain with André at West Point. When the traitor was revealed, Philadelphia would not let the wife stay upon its soil; she was banished, and most of the rest of her life was spent in England with her expatriated husband.

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A tenant of more grateful memory was the renowned Baron Steuben, the German disciplinarian, who introduced into the Continental armies the methods of Frederick the Great, and who had been a member of the court-martial which condemned the gallant André to his death. To this day it is said that persons occasionally look at this house with contemptuous gestures, or with scowls such as they might be expected to make if they had actually seen the traitor instead of, perhaps, a park guard, standing in its doorway, unconscious of their frowns.

Yet, curiously enough, in contrast, the Park holds a relic of the one American soldier of modern times most associated with the idea of constancy to duty. It is the log house brought thither from Virginia thirty years ago by George H. Stuart, after Ulysses S. Grant had lived in it during the campaign that ended at Appomattox.

When we come to Strawberry Mansion, one of the chief resorts of pleasure seekers, with its magnificent forest trees, we pass over ground which was once owned by Swedes who came to Pennsylvania, perhaps in the days of Gustavus Adolphus, and who once owned all of the original city of Philadelphia, before the English Quakers came thither to supplant them.

Throughout the Park fountains, statues and other memorials of art, some of national significance, have become numerous. Abraham Lincoln, James A. Garfield, Christopher Columbus, Joan D'Arc, Humboldt, and General George Gordon Meade are some of the historic characters commemorated by statues.

The Hebrews are represented by a monument which symbolizes Religious Liberty, and the Catholics by a colossal Total Abstinence fountain, around which stand the figures of Commodore John Barry, Father Mathew, Bishop Carroll, and the Carroll of Maryland who was the last survivor of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The great Washington Monument and equestrian statue which the Society of the Cincinnati took measures to erect early in the century, but did not complete until eighty-six years afterward, is a notable work. But far more notable will be a massive arch and monument such as never has been seen in this country.

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A few years ago a rich type founder in Philadelphia left in his will a bequest of half a million dollars for the construction of a great archway, in which are to be placed equestrian statues of military and civic heroes like Hancock, McClellan, Meade, Reynolds, Porter, Hartranft, Dahlgren and Curtin, while the name of Richard Smith is to be preserved for posterity by an inscription and a bust. An equestrian statue of General Grant is to be the next addition to the works of art which, with a gathering of pictures now planned, will eventually make Fairmount Park a noble repository of modern sculpture.

The original Fairmount Park consisted of a few acres, where the water-works of Philadelphia were built early in the century; and as late as thirty years ago the Park included, in addition, only the Lemon Hill estate and the Sedgeley estate, and these were bought chiefly on the plea of the necessity of preserving the purity of the city's water supply in the Schuylkill.

When Lansdowne was acquired, and when Jesse George and his sister made a gift of the land on and about the hill which bears their name, the Park began to assume large proportions. It was then that a commission was created to extend it even further, as well as to better regulate it, and the result was the acquisition of more extensive estates lying on either side of the river.

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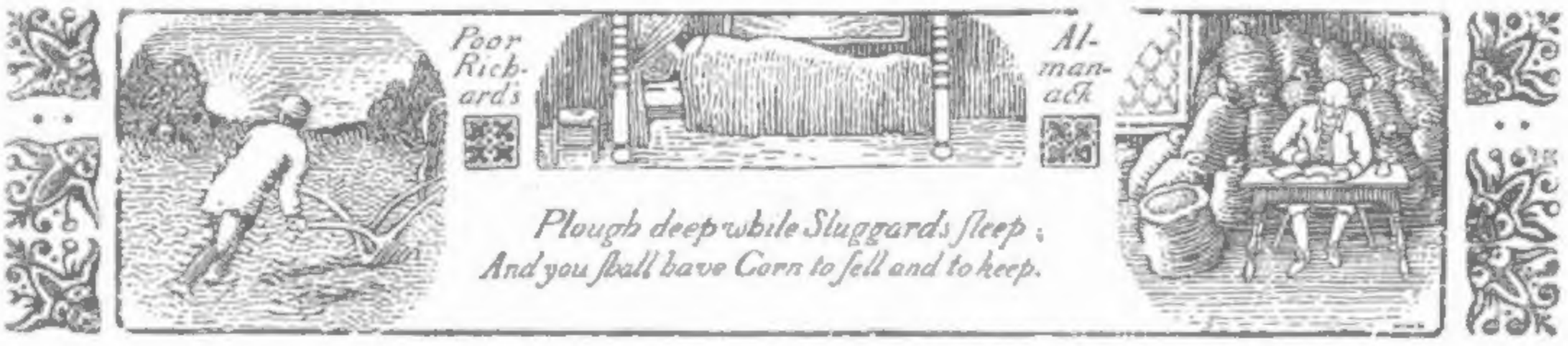
A place upon this commission is one of the coveted honors of Philadelphia citizenship, and the eight millions of dollars that this body has expended in the adornment of the fine scenery which Nature had already furnished them has been one of the public expenditures for which even the most cynical or suspicious of taxpayers has found no occasion for lamentation.

The great domain dedicated to the people forever as a "public common" is their proudest possession; and one of the Mayors of Philadelphia expressed well this pride when he said: "New York thinks much of her great Central Park, but we can take three Central Parks, put them all in Fairmount Park, and still have room for another."



SUCCESS IN BUSINESS

Starting a Young Man Right

"IF MORE fathers would take a course with their sons similar to the one my father took with me," observed one of the leading business men of Boston, "the boys might think it hard at the time, but they'd thank him in after life."

"What sort of a course?" we asked.

"Well, I was a young fellow of twenty-two, just out of college, and I felt myself of considerable importance. I knew my father was well off, and my head was full of foolish notions of having a good time and spending lots of money. Later on I expected father to start me in business, after I'd 'swelled' a while at clubs and with fine horse-flesh.

"Like a wise man, father saw through my folly, and resolved to prevent my self-destruction, if it were possible.

"'If the boy's got the right stuff in him, let him prove it,' I heard father say to mother one day. 'I worked hard for my money, and I don't intend to let Ned squander it and ruin himself besides.'

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"That very day father came along and handed me fifty dollars, remarking, 'Ned, take that money, spend it as you choose, but understand this much; it's the last dollar of my money you can have till you prove yourself capable of earning money and taking care of it on your own account.'

"I took the money in a sort of dazed manner, and stammered out, 'I—why—I—I want to go into business.'

"'Business!' exclaimed father, contemptuously, 'what do you know about managing the mercantile business? Get a clerkship and learn the alphabet before you talk to me of business.' And father left me then to ponder on his words. And that fifty dollars was the last money my father ever gave me, till at his death I received my part of the property by inheritance.

"I felt hard and bitter then, felt my father was a stingy old fogy, and mentally resolved to prove to him that I could live without his money. He had roused my pride—just what he intended, I suppose.

"For three days I looked about for a place to make lots of money. But I found no such chances, and at length I accepted a clerkship in a large retail store at $400 a year.

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"Another bit of father's 'stinginess' at this time was demanding two dollars a week for my board through that first year.

"At the end of my first year I had laid aside $200, and the next year, my salary being raised $100, I had $500 laid by.

"One hundred cents meant more to me in those days than $100 had previously.

"At the end of four years' clerking I went to my father with $1500 of my own, and asked him if he was willing to help me enter business. Even then he would only let me hire the money, $2000 at six per cent.

"To-day I am called a successful business man. And I have my father to thank for it. Those lessons in self-denial, self-respect and independence which he gave me—though hard at the time—put the manhood into me.

"Years afterward, father told me it cost him the hardest struggle of his life to be so hard with his boy. But he felt it was the only course to make a man of me. Many a time we laughed heartily over that little two-dollar board-bill."—Exchange.

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What to Teach Boys

A PHILOSOPHER has said that true education of boys is to "teach them what they ought to know when they become men."

1. To be true and to be genuine. No education is worth anything that does not include this. A man had better not know how to read, and be true and genuine in action, rather than be learned in all sciences and in all languages, and be at the same time false in heart and counterfeit in life. Above all things, teach the boys that truth is more than riches, power or possessions.

2. To be pure in thought, language and life—pure in mind and in body.

3. To be unselfish. To care for the feelings and comforts of others. To be generous, noble and manly. This will include a genuine reverence for the aged and for things sacred.

4. To be self-reliant and self-helpful, even from childhood. To be industrious always, and self-supporting at the earliest proper age. Teach them that all honest work is honorable; that an idle life of dependence on others is disgraceful.

When a boy has learned these things, says a writer in an exchange, when he has made these ideas part of him—however poor or however rich—he has learned the most important things he ought to know.

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Stopping Short of Success

THOUSANDS of men who have been failures in life have done drudgery enough in half a dozen different occupations to have enabled them to reach great success if their efforts had all been expended in one direction, says Architects of Fate.

That mechanic is a failure who starts out to build an engine, does not quite accomplish it, and shifts into some other occupation where, perhaps, he will almost succeed again. The world is full of people who are "almost a success." Their courage oozes out just before they become expert.

How many of us have acquisitions which remain permanently unavailable because not carried to the point of skill? How many people "almost know a language or two," a science whose elements they have not quite mastered; an art partially mastered, but which they cannot practice satisfactorily?

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Doctor Mathews says that "to no other cause, perhaps, is failure in life so frequently to be traced as to a mistaken calling." We often find out what we cannot do before we find out what we can do. This negative process of eliminating the doubtful chances is often the only way of attaining to the positive conclusion.

Beware of that fatal gift, versatility. Many a person misses being a great man by splitting himself into middling ones. Universatility is the *ignis fatuus* which has deluded many a promising mind. In attempting to gain a knowledge of half a hundred subjects men have mastered none.

"The measure of a man's learning will be the amount of his voluntary ignorance," said Thoreau. If we go into a factory where the mariners' compass is made, we can see the needles before they are magnetized, and they will point in any direction. But when they have been applied to the magnet and received its peculiar power, from that moment they point to the North, and are true to the Pole ever after. So man never points steadily in any direction until he has become polarized by the choice of his ideal career.

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Many a man has dwarfed his manhood, cramped his intellect, crushed his aspirations, blunted his finer sensibilities, in some mean, narrow occupation, just because there was money in it.

The man with a vocation he likes, the practical man, the energetic and industrious man, builds a house upon the ground, while the dreamer builds a castle in the air, and he lays up a few thousands in bank while the other revels in imaginary millions. The dreamer's pockets are full while he is asleep, but he wakens to find an empty purse. It takes a good many dreams of fortune to make an actual dollar.

Give your life, your energy, your enthusiasm all to the highest work of which you are capable. Canon Farrar said, "There is only one real failure in life possible, and that is not to be true to the best one knows."

Emerson says: "There is at this moment for you an utterance brave and grand as that of the colossal chisel of Phidias, or trowel of the Egyptians, or the pen of Moses or Dante, but different from all these."

PUBLICK OCCURRENCES That are Making HISTORY

The Opening of a New Era of Shipbuilding

Attention has been called in these columns to the prospects of a remarkable revival of the great shipbuilding industry of this country. The beginning of the turn has become a fact much earlier and under far different conditions than was anticipated. Within a short period [illegible] binations of floating property ever attempted in the United States has been consummated by the Atlantic Transportation Company, of New York.

Upward of thirty-five steamers and barges belonging to the commercial fleets plying on the Great Lakes have been chartered for immediate use on the Atlantic coast, and the company has contracted for the construction in lake shipyards of about twoscore more.

The places of the vessels thus withdrawn from the lakes must be supplied with new craft before the opening of spring navigation. These transactions and the building of three battle-ships, four harbor-defense monitors, sixteen torpedo destroyers, and twelve torpedo boats for the Navy plainly indicate that the revival is well under way.

Is Electricity Killing Great Industries?

The introduction of electricity in the street railroad service has seriously injured two great American industries, both closely related—the breeding of draft horses and the growing of hay. It is computed that the trolley and cable cars have displaced 200,000 horses in the cities of Philadelphia, Chicago, New York, Baltimore, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Richmond and Toledo alone. This means a decrease in the consumption of hay of more than thirteen hundred tons per day. Other cities would nearly treble these figures.

In the decade of 1880-1890 the hay crop of the United States nearly doubled, in the period of 1890-1893 the increase was only 1,000,000 tons; and in the calendar year of 1897 the production was more than five million tons less than that of 1893. The extent of the hay industry indicates the seriousness of electricity's injury. Last year the production from 42,476,770 acres was 60,604,876 tons, valued at $401,300,728.

Seeking a Remedy for Labor Troubles

Without a doubt the most sensible movement in the labor world of the United States in many years is that just inaugurated by the Board of Walking Delegates in connection with the United Building Trades of New York City. After numerous and most costly experiments, in which the artisans of many other cities have been involved, this board of delegates is convinced that plans should be perfected whereby strikes in general may be avoided.

The delegates ask the co-operation of the officers of the United Building Trades, one of the most powerful labor organizations in the world, declaring their own willingness to enter into any reasonable agreement with employers which will do away, particularly, with sympathetic strikes, which, as a rule, are most costly to those workmen who have no personal connection with the dispute.

A well-organized and sincere attempt to accomplish the declared object of the movement, whether by arbitration or otherwise, will enlist the most active sympathy of every American citizen, irrespective of occupation.

Where Men are Benefited by the Settlement System

When the late Baron Maurice de Hirsch set aside his millions for the amelioration of the condition of the Jews throughout the world, he desired that the bulk should be expended in establishing industrial colonies in which the members might become self-supporting. His benefactions were extended to the United States, where he and his widow sent upward of $2,000,000. Some noble institutions are already in operation in New York City, and others are projected here and elsewhere.

As the institutional feature of his munificence is likely to overshadow the self-helping, it is interesting to note the condition which a typical colony has attained.

At Woodbine, New Jersey, a Hirsch settlement has prospered so well that its agricultural school is to have a new $10,000 dormitory, an electric light plant, thirty new dwellings, and two new manufacturing plants that will give employment to about 500 more persons. The settlement has become a model village in every essential, the inhabitants are happy and contented, and are living honest, industrious lives. The scheme is working admirably, and is carrying out the intentions of its generous founder.

Two Important Steps in Municipal Reform

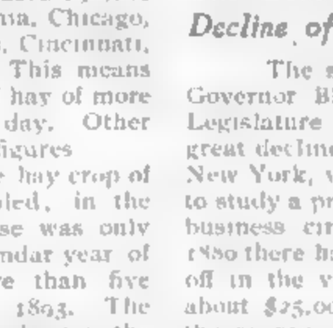
The Legislature of Massachusetts has adopted two statutes of more than ordinary importance to all interested in municipal reform. The first gives taxpayers a larger protection against misgovernment and corrupt officials than they have hitherto had, by providing that any ten taxable inhabitants may obtain in court an injunction or other order to restrain city or town officials from appropriating money or incurring obligations for purposes not sanctioned by law.

The second radically changes the State's system of law procedure by imposing on the Justices of the Supreme Court the duty of summarily investigating the financial affairs of a city, town or county, on the petition of a certain number of real estate owners who have paid taxes for a year prior to the petition, and who allege in their petition official corruption or misgovernment.

The Commercial Decline of New York City

The special commission appointed by Governor Black, under an Act of the last Legislature of New York, to consider the great decline in the commerce of the port of New York, will have four months in which to study a problem that has deeply concerned business circles for several years. Since 1880 there has been an average annual falling off in the volume of foreign commerce of about $25,000,000, and in the same period the average annual increase for the whole country has been $48,000,000. If the port had secured its fair proportion of the general increase it would have had an average annual increase of about $24,000,000, instead of having an annual decrease even larger than this amount.

In the period 1880-1897 the port had a fraction over six per cent. of the [illegible] the general commerce of the country. Boston had twenty per cent. A long list of reasons for this decline has been given, the strongest alleging transportation discrimination and excessive terminal charges, and the Governor's commission is charged to make an exhaustive study of the matter to find the real cause and suggest a remedy.



LOGAN

An Anarchist Defines Anarchism

Always willing to give both sides of any question of public interest, the POST is pleased to summarize the views of Anarchism as held by a representative English Anarchist. The conscientious Anarchist does not advocate violence. On the contrary, he believes that homicidal outrages are neither a logical outcome of Anarchist principles, nor a practical necessity of Anarchist action. He does, however, openly protest against all forms of public authority and private property.

The Anarchist is no enemy of society, only of anti-social abuses. He is at war with all institutions and all habits which are based on the principles of authority and property. He thoroughly believes that "all men are created equal," and that it is unnatural and unfair that one man should be set over another. It is held to be a right to resist the authority of man over man; and Anarchists believe, with Proudhon, that "property is theft."

Every person who aids in any manner to maintain social conditions that drive human beings to despair, is largely responsible for whatever outrages may be committed under the name, but without the authority, of Anarchism. Outrages are regarded as the reply of desperate individuals to intolerable wrongs inflicted on them by their fellow men. When life is made unbearable by reason of these wrongs, then it becomes necessary to administer a stern rebuke to the oppressors.

What it Costs Europe to Maintain Her Armies

The Czar's disarmament scheme is based on a recognized necessity for reducing the great expense of maintaining national systems of defense. To comprehend the import of this vast [illegible] and Navy forces [illegible] be considered [illegible] Austria Hungary, [illegible] Great Britain, Italy and Russia as [illegible] of the armed strength of [illegible] found that, according to the [illegible] official reports, their standing or peace armies comprise 132,800 officers and [illegible],141 men, and, omitting Great Britain, [illegible] navies number 6172 officers and 224,564 [illegible] Great Britain this year has a total of 100,054 officers, seamen and marines, and the Army strength given is independent of India and the colonies.

For the maintenance of these national systems of defense of these six countries alone, during the fiscal year 1897-8, the respective budgets show the enormous expenditure of $806,287,549, or more than [illegible] of the total debt of the United States.

A World's Congress to Suppress Anarchism

Italy's propositions, to be submitted to the International Anti-Anarchist Congress at Venice will fail in favor in all countries blessed with constitutional freedom. To prevent the publication of Anarchist periodicals, to expel Anarchists from the countries taking part in the [illegible] to abolish, in the case of Anarchists, certain rights in the courts, would be measures practicable only under arbitrary Governments.

The English and American love of fair play, and of the conservation of the rights of individuals under their respective constitutions, would erect a barrier against two of the propositions, if not all. The plan, however, forms a tolerably good basis for a much needed international concert of action.

Our Greatest Gold-Producing State

Colorado, known for years as a great silver State, has become the largest gold producing State in the country, and California, heretofore heading the column of gold States, has fallen to second place. The production in Colorado last year exceeded that of California by nearly $4,500,000.

This remarkable change in the output of the precious metals in Colorado has been accomplished since the repeal of the silver purchase clause of the Sherman Act in 1893. When the repealing bill was pending in Congress, the measure met with intense opposition in Colorado, where it was even declared that the repealer would paralyze all the industries of the State. Immediately after the passage of the repealing Act, local miners turned their attention more closely to working the gold deposits, with the result that in a single year they brought the State of Colorado to second place as a gold producer. Now it is in the first place.

The Labor Strike in the French Capital

The internal troubles of France have been increased by a strike of workmen in Paris, which not only put a stop to all work on the Exposition and other buildings, but necessitated the mobilizing of 10,000 cavalry and infantry in the city. When the number of strikers reached 80,000 the Government became alarmed and the Municipal Council directed the cancellation of all engagements with contractors unless they induced their men to resume work in twenty-four hours.

The strike was general among the trades, and the Government feared that the Dreyfus and other agitations would fan it into a really desperate insurrection.

How Mother Earth Enriches the United States

The United States Geological Survey has issued an advance report on the mineral productions of the country in the calendar year 1897, which shows how lavishly nature has enriched America. The value of the non-metallic products last year was $329,113,845, the metallic, $302,198,502, and the unspecified, $1,000,000—a total of $632,312,347. This total was an increase over that of the preceding year of $9,375,109, and, excepting that of 1892, the largest in many years.

The leading non-metallic values were: Bituminous coal $119,740,052; Pennsylvania anthracite, $79,129,126; petroleum, $40,020,611, and building stone, $36,070,641 and the metallic: pig iron, $95,122,299; silver, $69,037,172; gold, $57,363,000; copper, $54,080,180; lead, $14,885,728; zinc, $8,498,300; and aluminum, $1,500,000.

All the metallic productions quoted showed an increase, excepting silver, and of the non-metallic, bituminous coal and building stone showed a large increase, and Pennsylvania anthracite and petroleum a decrease.

The Government Dispossesses 20,000 Families

In 1895, Henry L. Dawes, for many years one of the United States Senators from Massachusetts, was appointed Chairman of a commission created by Congress to endeavor to secure from the five civilized tribes of Indians, in Indian Territory, their voluntary assent to the abandonment of tribal relations.

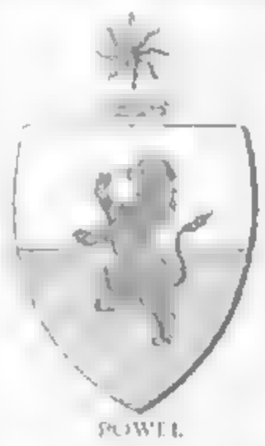
After the commission found that local causes had defeated its object, Congress authorized it to make a census of the tribes, ascertain who were and who were not citizens, and suggest a plan for the division of the lands of the Indians among those who were found to be citizens.

Under the last authority the commission has issued orders that all intermarried white men were intruders and would have to leave the Territory. This means that fully 20,000 white, or "squaw," men who have married into these tribes must leave their families, possessions and business interests, and seek homes elsewhere.

Tribal custom, if not law, has recognized the white man who married an Indian woman as an equal Indian citizen, and, hence, eligible to acquire property. These "squaw men" have settled the greater part of the best lands, are fathers of nearly fifty thousand half blood children, and now declare they will not surrender their acquired rights.

A Pledge of Loyalty From the Head of Mormondom

A declaration by Lorenzo Snow, the [illegible] dominating Utah than the formal deliverance of the late President Woodruff, recently epitomized in the POST.



POWELL

While reaffirming his belief that the Saints would be doing no moral nor religious wrong in practicing plural marriage under Divine sanction, President Snow does not hold it to be right that the members of the Mormon Church should break the laws of the land against that practice.

He declares that polygamy does not exist in Utah, either secretly or openly, and pledges his word that the Saints "will sustain the constitution and laws and institutions of the United States, and be the champions of liberty and of that constitution when its integrity shall be threatened."

Yellow Fever Restrictions Worse Than the Disease Itself

The recent outbreak of yellow fever in Louisiana and Mississippi had caused more consternation, up to the time of writing, by the suffering that followed the enforcement of quarantine regulations than by the fever itself. In Mississippi the isolation of the infected districts produced so much destitution that, after the State Board of Health and the State Howard Association had exhausted their resources, the State authorities were obliged to appeal to the Federal Government for aid in money, food and medical supplies.

Ninety per cent. of the white population had fled from the State, and about 6000 persons at Jackson and elsewhere were in extreme distress. In the two States there had been 816 cases of fever and sixty-five deaths.

Concurrent Service of Father and Son

An influential partisan newspaper, noting the death of Thomas Francis Bayard, declared that the contemporaneous service of Mr. Bayard and his father in the United States Senate was a political fact without a parallel. This statement is incorrect. General Henry Dodge, of Wisconsin, served in the Senate during 1848-1857, and his son, Augustus Cæsar Dodge, of Iowa, served in 1848-1855.

The case of the Bayards was unparalleled, however, in the fact that they both represented the same State. In this connection may be mentioned the case, unprecedented in the United States Navy, of Thomas Oliver Selfridge, father and son, both of whom are now Rear Admirals on the retired list.

The Unselfish Work of Andrew H. Green A life of seventy six years and a public career of exceptional usefulness have been honored by the presentation to Mr Green of a costly gold medal, commemorative of the municipal consolidation of January 1 last, and of his share in bringing it about. Mr. Green's last public service was as a member of the Greater New York Commission, and many of his friends hoped that he might become the first Mayor of the enlarged city, but he declined the use of his name

Mr. Green has served the city of New York in many ways, but the service for which he will be remembered longest was that rendered while he was holding the office of Comptroller. During its tenure he became the terror of a large class of lawyers interested in claims against the city New York had but recently emerged from the Tweed régime, and some hundreds of claims more or less questionable still hung over it. These he examined personally, even after their payment had been properly authorized, and "held up" all he considered doubtful. Lawyers stormed, and courts issued writs of mandamus, but he remained unmoved, and positively refused to pay any bill till he was absolutely satisfied of its correctness

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Dowager Empress of China Recalled The present Dowager Empress, known also as the Western Empress, is a veteran politician, thoroughly imbued with all the traditions of the ancient Manchu dynasty of Ts'ing, and opposed to the progressive ideas of the day. She was the second wife of the Emperor Hien Feng, and mother of the Emperor T'ung Chi, who succeeded his father while an infant. The mother directed the affairs of the Empire for the child, and on his death, in 1875, proclaimed her nephew, Kwang Su, successor to the throne

Kwang-Su, who was recently forced to abdicate the supreme authority into the hands of his aunt, was scarcely three years old when proclaimed Emperor, and it was not till 1889 that he assumed full control of the Government. During this period his aunt administered the Imperial affairs. Thus the present Dowager Empress has been practically the sovereign of the Empire three times

•

The Remarkable Work of Sculptor Rogers Now that John Rogers, the sculptor of the well-known "Rogers Groups," is physically unable to follow his chosen work any longer, the field of American art will lose one of the most characteristic American sculptors. His works tell the story of the Civil War days, and it is exceedingly unfortunate that he is unable to perpetuate in his "groups" the story of the Spanish War

Mr. Rogers was, above all, original There is absolutely no trace of copying in any of his work. He represents the life and the people as they were. He has not allowed himself to be hampered by any of the arbitrary rules of the Greek and Roman schools. He is American in his style and in his treatment. His groups strike the public heart and home, warming the affections, kindling the patriotic enthusiasm

But Rogers has handled the larger subjects His heroic statue of Lincoln was shown at the World's Fair at Chicago; in front of Philadelphia's city hall is a bronze figure of Reynolds by Rogers, and in Boston stands his John Eliot and the Indians. A movement is now on foot to make a complete collection of his bronzes and his other works, and preserve them in the Metropolitan Museum of Arts in New York City

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President Faure Shocks His People The French sense of propriety has just received a severe shock. It is commented on in the papers, it is the subject of conversation at the cafés, it is gossiped about at all the afternoon teas. President Faure smokes! But, worse than that, the head of the French nation smokes cigarettes, and in public!

It is said that he is the first French President to smoke. It is recalled that Thiers not only did not smoke, but in appointing his military officials took care that the ordnance officer should be a Captain who was a stranger to the use of tobacco. Marshal McMahon used to smoke, but he gave up the habit after passing through a severe illness, and when he was President he was never known to smoke

Jules Grévy used to be an inveterate smoker, but he ceased to use the weed when he found he was losing his memory. Sadi-Carnot never smoked, and his secretaries also abstained—at the Elysée, at least M. Casimir-Perier used to smoke, but only a little, and not at all after he became President. It is now hinted that M Faure does not only burn cigarettes in public, but loves, in private, a pipe, which was the present of a Russian Grand Duke

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Two Secretaries of State as College Chums It is always difficult for the popular mind to conjure up pictures of the leaders of the nation as boys, with all the life and exuberance of boyhood This is specially true in the case of John Hay, the author, diplomat and statesman

But when our Secretary of State was a student, at Brown, he was the jolliest, and probably the most popular man in college, and his room was the usual meeting-place of a rollicking crowd.

He always had plenty of spending money, but was in no sense foppish. He selected his friends because of their good fellowship, utterly regardless of whether they were poor or wealthy

It is a rather strange coincidence that one of Hay's best college friends was Richard Olney, Secretary of State under Cleveland, and whom Hay may be said to have succeeded in that important position Olney was a Junior when Hay entered college; he graduated in 1856, and Hay in 1858

As a student, Hay wrote verse and prose for the college monthly, and his essays were the delight of the faculty, who held them up as models to the less brilliantly endowed students, much to the latter's annoyance

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Therese F. Ries, the Woman Sculptor Therese Fedorowna Ries, the only Russian woman who has ever achieved renown as a sculptress, considers the head of Mark Twain as the ideal on which to bestow her best efforts. She has only recently completed a bust of the American humorist—which she classes as her best work, and has presented it to Mr Clemens

Miss Ries is personally a fine-looking young woman, and is thoroughly in love with her art. Hellmer, the most accomplished sculptor of Austria, discovered her talent, and determined to develop it. He declares that she surpasses most male sculptors in inventiveness.

Her best work is an enormous figure of Lucifer, which won for her the Ludwig medal of Austria. This statue shows strong handling, and is an imposing sculpture, full of profound psychological significance

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James G. Hill, the Railway King James G. Hill is one of the most interesting of the new quartette now in control of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. From a poor country boy he has gradually risen to be one of America's greatest railway magnates Of Canadian birth, he had few educational opportunities, and early in life came to the United States to seek his fortune.

He settled in St. Paul, then a town of only 5000 inhabitants, and that city has ever since been his home. He has risen, step by step and everything he has gained has been won by sheer hard work. His success has been due largely to the fact that he grasps the opportunity, and can see all its possibilities.

In his private life Mr. Hill is one of the most genial and companionable of men. In conversation he impresses one with the wide range of his information and the breadth and originality of his views. Mr. Hill's home in St Paul is a veritable mansion, and is one of the sights of the city.

He married early, and around his marriage clings a romance. He met the woman who is now his wife when he was comparatively poor and unknown. She was a poor girl, and had in her life enjoyed few advantages. After winning her pledge to marry him, he arranged for the education of this girl, and the young woman, with a hungry mind, found open to her all the doors that had previously been closed. She became a cultivated, broadly educated, beautiful woman.

Mr. Hill has a family of nine children, three of whom are boys. Within the house the decorations and pictures show traces of keen artistic sense and refinement. The picture gallery in his house is said to be one of the finest collections owned by an individual in the United States. Mr Hill has made a study of pictures, as he has made a study of railroads, and he has secured the best

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Why Blackmore Repents Lorna Doone Only a few days ago the author of Lorna Doone passed his seventy-third birthday. He is in excellent health, and his mind has lost none of its alertness The always fascinating Lorna Doone was written about thirty years ago, yet it still sells by thousands of copies

Mr. Blackmore himself is amazed at its continued success. "Oh, that book!" he exclaimed the other day, as if he were annoyed because it was mentioned in his presence. "It is a pity it was ever written, it ought to be destroyed."

Whatever he may think about it, that book is undoubtedly his best. He lives among his trees and flowers at Teddington, England He has lived in this home for over forty years. When he bought it the place was a village, with a village postmistress and a village embowered with flowers. But now the brick-and-mortar tendencies of octopus London are stretching out toward it, and a railway station is at his door. Though his trees hide all buildings and give him privacy, the hubbub of life pierces them

•

Kaiser Wilhelm Scolded by a Druggist's Wife A comical incident happened to Emperor William at the village of Bergkirshen during the late Army manœuvres. He rang up, at four o'clock in the morning, the village druggist, from whose veranda a fine view could be obtained of the whole valley, in which eight Army corps were bivouacking at the time

The tired druggist did not recognize the Emperor, and, being angry at thus being aroused from his sleep, refused His Majesty admittance. The wife of the druggist joined her husband, and fired through the crack of the front door a string of uncomplimentary remarks at the disturber of their peace

Emperor William was highly amused, and finally disclosed his identity, whereupon the couple profusely apologized, admitted the Emperor, and prepared coffee for him.

After chatting with the couple until daylight, His Majesty repaired to the veranda and watched the result of an alarm of the Army corps through his glasses. He afterward sent the druggist a signed photograph of himself as a return for his courtesy.

•

The Chief Investigator, General Grenville Dodge General Grenville M. Dodge, President of [illegible] is inquiring into the management of the war, is a man of gravity and dignity, and weighs matters carefully and judicially. He has a rugged face, his features are strong, and his eyes sharp and ever on the alert.

General Dodge is sixty seven years old, but is strong and sturdy. He was born on a farm in Massachusetts, but later moved West He went to the Civil War as Colonel of the Fourth Iowa Infantry, and was severely wounded at Pea Ridge. When he recovered he was made a Brigadier General. Going South soon after, he opened the campaign of 1863, and defeated the Confederates under Forrest, Roddy and others

When the crisis came, Grant said to Sherman: "Summon Dodge to your assistance. He is an officer upon whom you can rely in any emergency"

General Dodge built a railroad to supply Sherman with troops, and rebuilt the road from Decatur to Nashville. In forty days that road, 100 miles long, was ready for operation. In three days he flung a bridge 1700 feet long across the Chattahoochie River. The whole feat was an amazing tribute to his genius.

After the war General Dodge was made chief engineer of the Union Pacific Railroad As engineer, as Congressman, as director of the grand railroad construction across the continent, he evinced as much genius and vim as he had when a soldier. General Dodge is extremely modest and very reticent, but has a force of character and a decision of action seldom met with even among great soldiers and great railroad men

•••

Told After Dinner

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An American Duel of Pure Honor

ONE of the stories that the late James Payn liked to tell was about what he called an American duel, wherein two duellists, with one second, met within doors and drew lots to decide which of them should shoot himself

A. was the unlucky man, and without a word he retired into the next apartment to carry out the purpose of self destruction.

B. and the second, both very much moved by the tragedy of the situation, remained in listening attitudes. At last the pistol was heard, and they were shuddering with emotion and remorse, when suddenly in rushed the supposed dead man, triumphantly exclaiming: "Missed, by Heaven!"

•

Franklin's Famous Toast

FRANKLIN was dining with a small party of distinguished gentlemen, when one of them said: "Here are three nationalities represented; I am French, and my friend here is English, and Mr. Franklin is an American. Let each one propose a toast."

It was agreed to, and the Englishman's turn came first. He arose, and, in the tone of a Briton bold, said: "Here's to Great Britain, the sun that gives light to all nations of the earth"

The Frenchman was rather taken back at this, but he proposed: "Here's to France, the moon whose magic rays move the tides of the world"

Franklin then arose, with an air of quaint modesty, and said: "Here's to our beloved George Washington, the Joshua of America, who commanded the sun and moon to stand still—and they obeyed."

•

How a Wit Was Silenced

A TRAVELING showman was recently holding forth on a certain village fairground, when a party of young fellows gathered round with the evident intention of raising a laugh at the showman's expense.

The man was inviting the general public to "step inside and see the wondrous wild horse of Tartary."

"There's no deception, ladies and gentlemen," he was saying; "with this hanimal Mazeppa would have stood no earthly chance 'E's simply unrideable. Yer can't stick on 'im. Before I met this hanimal, ladies an' gentlemen, I used to fancy that I could ride a bit. But, bless yer, 'e's a knock-out. If there's a gentleman within the sound o' my voice as can stop on his back for thirty seconds 'e can have the horse for his trouble. I've had years o' practice, an' 'e shakes me off inside ten seconds."

"Why don't you get inside of him?" demanded one of the witty young fellows.

"I've tried that, too, my lad," was the immediate response, "but, you see, his mouth ain't quite so big as thine!"

•

Trying to Locate His Loss

A WEATHER BEATEN member of the tired fraternity, who had lost a leg and had it replaced by a wooden substitute, stumped his way up the main street of a Lanarkshire village the other day, and paused at the door of the first likely looking dwelling. Knocking at the door, which was opened by a brisk, business-like housewife, the man began his stereotyped whine

"If ye please, mum, I lost my leg——"

And before he could unfold another word of his tale the sharp retort came

"Aweel, ye didna lose it here!"

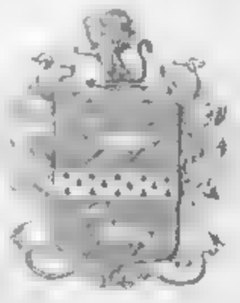
And bang went the door in his face.

•

Christening a Little Salt

A HUMOROUS incident occurred lately in church at a seaport town in which a Jack-tar played a prominent part. He could box the compass or splice the main brace, but when it came to holding a baby he was not an expert

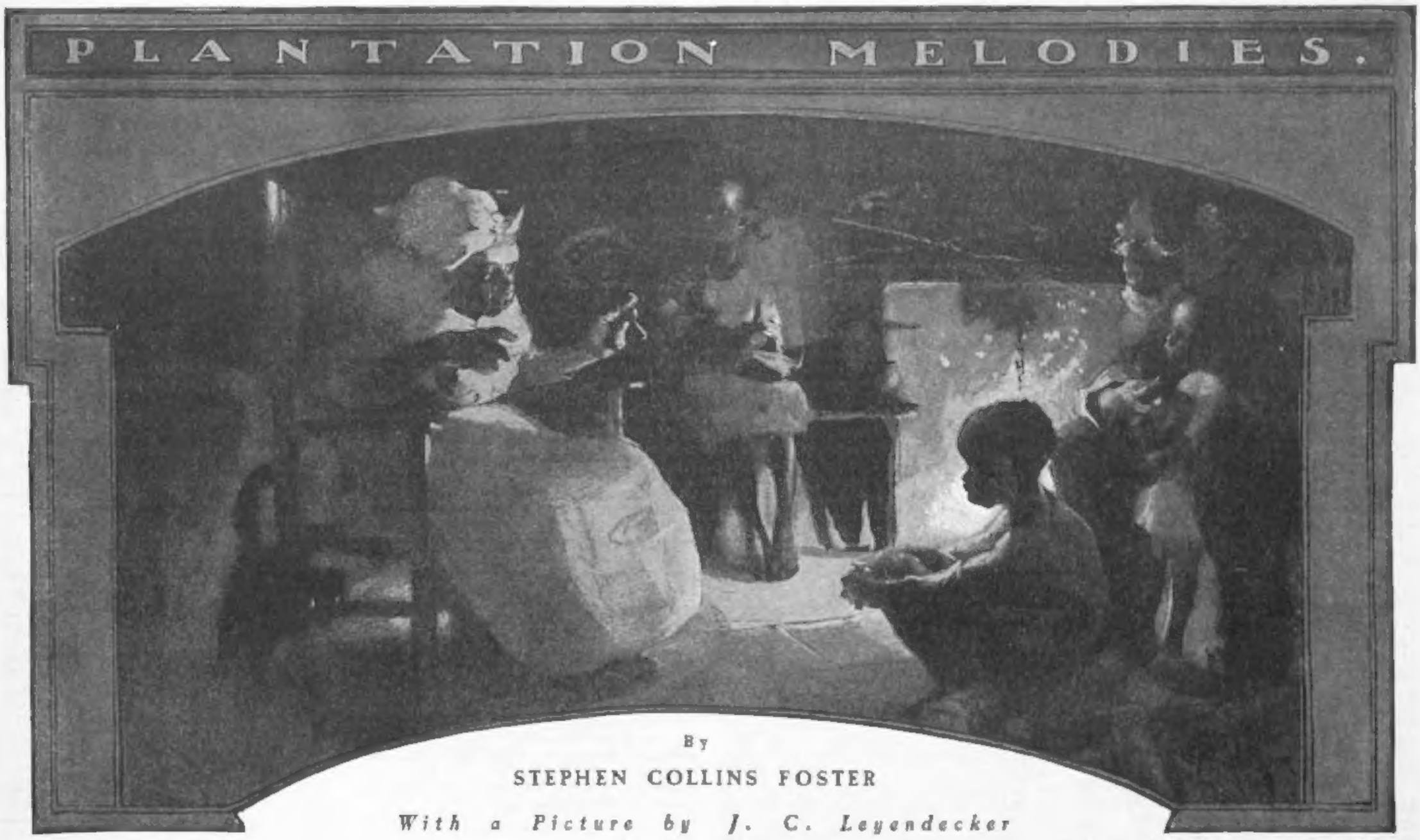
At the baptism of his first-born, after receiving his injunctions, he gingerly took hold of the struggling infantile specimen of manhood, who kicked and squirmed and wriggled until among linen and flounces he completely lost his bearings. The ceremony came to a full stop, while the congregation tittered, until his mate called out to him from a pew near by



"Upend it, Jack, upend it, its head's below hatches."

DICKINSON

THE BEST POEMS IN THE WORLD



By

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER

With a Picture by J. C. Leyendecker

XXXIX

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

THE sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home:
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn top 's ripe and the meadow 's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright,
By'n-by hard times comes a knockin' at the door—
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

CHORUS.

Weep no more, my lady; oh, weep no more to-day!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For my old Kentucky home, far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door.
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow, where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have to part,
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

The head must bow, and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darkey may go;
A few more days, and the trouble all will end,
In the field where the sugar-canes grow;
A few more days for to tote the weary load,
No matter, 'twill never be light,
A few more days till we totter on the road,
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

* * *

XL

OLD BLACK JOE

GONE are the days when my heart was young and gay,
Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away,
Gone from the earth to a better land I know,
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

CHORUS.

I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low;
I hear those gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
Why do I sigh that my friends come not again?
Grieving for forms now departed long ago,
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

Where are the hearts once so happy and so free?
The children so dear, that I held upon my knee?
Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go,
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

XLI

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

WAY down upon de Swanee Ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere's wha my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

CHORUS.

All de world am sad and dreary,
Ebery where I roam;
Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wander'd
When I was young,
Den many happy days I squander'd,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder
Happy was I;
Oh, take me to my kind old mudder,
Dere let me live and die.

One little hut among de bushes,
One dat I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a-humming
All round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming,
Down in my good old home?

XLII

MASSA'S IN DE COLD, COLD GROUND

ROUND the meadows am a ringing
De darkey's mournful song,
While de mocking bird am singing,
Happy as de day am long.
Where de ivy am a-creeping
O'er the grassy mound,
Dere old Massa am a-sleeping,
Sleeping in the cold, cold ground.

CHORUS.

Down in the cornfield
Hear dat mournful sound;
All de darkies am a weeping,
Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

When de autumn leaves were falling,
When de days were cold,
'Twas hard to hear old Massa calling,
Cayse he was so weak and old.
Now, de orange tree am blooming
On de sandy shore,
Now, de summer days am coming,
Massa nebber calls no more.

Massa make de darkies love him,
Cayse he was so kind;
Now, they sadly weep above him,
Mourning cayse he leave dem behind.
I cannot work before to-morrow,
Cayse de tear-drop flow,
I try to drive away my sorrow
Pickin' on de old banjo.

XLIII

NELLY WAS A LADY

DOWN on de Mississippi floating,
Long time I trabble on de way,
All night de cotton-wood a-toting,
Sing for my true-lub all de day.

CHORUS.

Nelly was a lady, last night she died,
Toll de bell for lubly Nell,
My dark Virginny bride.

Now I'm unhappy, and I'm weeping,
Can't tote de cotton-wood no more;
Last night, while Nelly was a-sleeping,
Death came a-knockin' at de door.

When I saw my Nelly in de morning,
Smile till she open'd up her eyes,
Seem'd like de light ob day a-dawning,
Jist 'fore de sun begin to rise.

Close by de margin ob de water,
Whar de lone weeping willow grows,
Dar lib'd Virginny's lubly daughter;
Dar she in death may find repose.

Down in de meadow, 'mong de clober,
Walk wid my Nelly by my side;
Now all dem happy days am ober,
Farewell, my dark Virginny bride.

* * *

XLIV

ANCELINA BAKER

WAY down on de old plantation—dah's where I was born;
I used to beat the whole creation hoein' in de corn;
Oh! den I work and den I sing so happy all de day,
Till Angelina Baker came and stole my heart away.

CHORUS.

Angelina Baker! Angelina Baker's gone—
She left me here to weep a tear, and beat on de old jawbone.

I've seen my Angelina in de spring-time and de fall,
I've seen her in de cornfield, and I've seen her at de ball,
And ebery time I met her she was smiling like de sun,
But now I'm left to weep a tear cayse Angelina's gone.

Angelina am so tall she nebber sees de ground,
She hab to take a wellumscope to look down on de town—
Angelina likes de boys as far as she can see dem,
She used to run old Massa round, to ax him for to free dem.

Early in de morning of a lubly summer day
I ax for Angelina, and dey say "she's gone away"—
I don't know wha to find her, cayse I don't know wha she's gone,
She left me here to weep a tear, and beat on de old jawbone.

* * * * * * *

THE AUTHOR OF PLANTATION MELODIES

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER was born in Pittsburg, July 4, 1826. He was a musician almost from his cradle, and at the age of seven had mastered the flageolet without a teacher. Every instrument in its turn gave up its sweetness to his touch, but he never cared to become a distinguished performer. To compose the words and music of a song was his chief delight through boyhood. He wrote the words first, then hummed them over and over, until he found notes that would express them properly.

His first published song appeared in 1842, and its success impelled him to give up business and devote himself to composition. Mr. Foster had a wide range of culture, was a great reader, proficient in French and German, and was something of a painter. It has been said that Foster received $15,000 for Old Folks at Home. This is incorrect, but it is a fact that one publishing house paid him nearly $20,000 for those of his compositions which were issued by them.

His songs have been translated into most European and some Asiatic languages. His last years were spent in New York City, where the most familiar sound was a strain of his own music and the least familiar sight a face that he knew. He became somewhat improvident, and would sell for a few dollars a song that brought a large sum to its purchaser. He died in a hospital to which he had been carried from the hotel in the Bowery, July 18, 1864.

Of Old Dog Tray 125,000 copies were sold in eighteen months. My Old Kentucky Home was the twentieth of Mr. Foster's plantation melodies, and it is probable that to this song is due the rise of the Christy Minstrels from the low position usually occupied by such troupes to something like that of a respectable concert-room.

Foster got his idea of writing his so-called Negro Melodies from listening to the absurdities then in vogue with the burnt-cork gentry. He walked home after one of their concerts in Baltimore with the banjo strings ringing in his ears, and before he slept he had composed the ridiculous words and taking air called Camptown Races. He passed from one finer tone to another until he reached the perfection of simple pathos in My Old Kentucky Home. The music was in every instance his own.

Though Stephen Foster is not generally credited with the authorship of his best-known songs, 400,000 copies were sold of Swanee Ribber, the correct title of which is Old Folks at Home, and P. P. Christy, of minstrel fame, paid $400 for the mere privilege of having his name printed upon a single edition as the author and composer.

THE PRE-EMINENCE OF PHILADELPHIA

Wherein the Quaker City is first and greatest.

By RENÉ BACHE

MORE jests are aimed at Philadelphia than at any other city, and nearly all of them turn upon the alleged backwardness and sleepiness of the town. But the people of the Quaker City laugh at them as readily as anybody. They can afford to do so; for, as may easily be shown by stating a few undeniable facts, Philadelphia is leading, and has always led, the rest of the country in a great many branches of enterprise and industry.

To say that Philadelphia is a great manufacturing place does not adequately express the truth. The city is a veritable Colossus of manufactures—and in several branches she stands first on this continent.

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Supplying the World With Carpets

She is first in the production of carpets, for example, and some notion of the amount of her output in this line is conveyed by the statement that the carpets woven in the Quaker metropolis in one year, if laid down in a continuous strip one yard wide, would stretch from Philadelphia eastward across the Atlantic, across Europe, across Asia, and across the Pacific Ocean to San Francisco—a distance of some 21,000 miles.

Philadelphia manufactures in a single year $100,000,000 worth of textiles, of which somewhat less than one-third is carpets. The balance is mainly dress goods, knit goods, velvets and upholstery stuffs.

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Making Ten Million Hats Every Year

This city is likewise the greatest hat-making centre in the country. If all the hats turned out here in a twelvemonth were laid on a broad space of level ground, placed as closely as possible in a single layer, row on row, they would cover an area represented by a square somewhat over half a mile on a side. In this connection it should be explained that practically no hats of the cheaper sorts are produced here; they are all of a kind that average $2.50 at retail. Most of the well-to-do people in the United States wear Philadelphia hats, though, as a rule, they are not aware of the fact, because hatters in various towns put their own firm-names in the hats they sell. Of the ten million hats produced in the City of Brotherly Love each year, almost none are of straw, oddly enough. Every year immense numbers of hats are shipped from Philadelphia to Baltimore and New York.

The number of boots and shoes made in Philadelphia in a year is calculated to excite astonishment. If they were placed toe to heel in a single line they would stretch from the Quaker City to Denver, Colorado. This city, by the way, is the chief importer in this country of goat skins, which furnish a choice variety of kid footwear for the well-to-do.

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The Sugar-Bowl of the Nation

Philadelphia is the chief centre for the production of refined sugar and petroleum. The quantity of the former article refined here in a twelvemonth would furnish every man, woman and child in the United States with ten pounds of sugar. In earlier times, as historians inform us, sugar was the greatest of luxuries, and honey, necessarily expensive, was the only sweetening known to the people of ancient Greece and Rome. Only fifty years ago sugar was still a luxury, but nowadays the poorest folks can afford to use as much of it as they wish. The sugar turned out in the refined shape from the Philadelphia factories in a year will equal in weight twenty-five such battle-ships as the new Maine, just ordered of the Cramps.

Now, as to petroleum, the figures are even more surprising. If all the barrels full of refined coal oil produced in Philadelphia in a year were stood on top of each other in a single gigantic stack, they would reach eighty-seven times as high as Mount Everest, a mountain which is itself six and a half miles high. And yet to-day nobody knows what petroleum is—that is to say, from what origin it has been derived. Its genesis is one of the unsolved mysteries of science.

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The Greatest Railroad in the World

The greatest railroad in existence has its headquarters in Philadelphia. It controls 20,000 miles of track, and owns 114,000 cars and 2300 locomotives. This city has the finest and biggest railway terminals in the world, and at one of its big stations 60,000 people arrive and depart daily; 20,000,000 passengers being handled in a year. In the Quaker City is located the largest factory of locomotives on earth, its plant being able to produce one such engine every day in the year. Its iron horses draw trains all over South America, and in some parts of Europe.

During the recent conflict many more of our soldiers have died of malarial fever than from bullets, and it is interesting to note that Philadelphia is the greatest producing centre of quinine. The industry is mainly in the hands of one firm, which built up its trade during the Civil War.

Philadelphia, it might also be noted, is the only city where phosphorus is manufactured on a commercial scale. The stuff, as most people are not aware, is utilized not only for matches, but to a considerable extent in medicine, as a nerve-tonic, and also for making a luminous paint. It is obtained from bones. Potassium-cyanide, employed largely in the treatment of gold ores, is mostly made in Philadelphia.

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The Greatest Ship Yard of America

But the glory of the city is its ship-building, for it is the first ship-building city in America. There has never been a day since 1710 when Philadelphia has not been in the lead in everything pertaining to naval architecture, and, since the advent of steam, in marine engineering. The firm of the Cramps is the greatest private ship-building concern in the world. It has built many of our proudest fighting vessels, including the Iowa, the Massachusetts, the Indiana, the New York, the Minneapolis, and the Columbia, and now it has the contract for the construction of the new 12,500-ton battle-ship, Maine.

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A House That Has Made Billions of Dollars

The total coinage of the Philadelphia mint since 1792, when it was first established, near the corner of Seventh and Market Streets, has been about one and a quarter billions of dollars. What an enormous amount of money this is, is better understood when it is realized that, in the shape of twenty-dollar gold-pieces, stacked in a single pile, it would reach a height of eighty-two miles. In the form of standard silver dollars, placed side by side in a single line, it would reach around the world, with nearly 6000 miles to spare. In paper dollars, pasted end to end in a continuous strip, it would completely encircle the earth with a green ribbon of cash just about six times.

FRANKLIN

The Government has mints in several other cities, of course, but all the minor coins—that is, nickels and cents—are turned out at the establishment on Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. This is a very important part of Uncle Sam's minting business, inasmuch as immense numbers of these small pieces are lost by the people, and the waste has to be supplied. The fate of lost pins was long ago explained, inasmuch as they are soon destroyed by rust, but nobody has ever been able to account for the missing pennies and five-cent pieces. Apparently, they are of such trifling value that people are careless in handling them, and they disappear somehow.

During the fiscal year ended June 30, 1898, the Philadelphia mint produced 53,871,696 cents and 19,015,343 nickels. If this number of pennies were stacked up in a single pile they would reach a height of fifty miles, while the nickels thus arranged would make a stack twenty-one and a half miles high.

The Troy pound, which is the unit of weight in all of Uncle Sam's mints and assay offices, is kept in a vault at the establishment on Chestnut Street, insulated and preserved against oxidation.

It is easy to show, without fear of contradiction, that from the very earliest days Philadelphia has led in most of the great enterprises of the country. A few facts may be quoted to prove this assertion.

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The First Printing Press in America

The first printing press in America was set up in Philadelphia less than two years after William Penn landed on the shores of the Delaware. Two years later the first paper mill on this continent was built on the banks of the Wissahickon, within the present city limits. Three years afterward the first copy of Magna Charta ever read on American soil was printed in Philadelphia.

It was in Philadelphia that the first daily paper published in America, the Pennsylvania Packet, was born, in 1783. The first daily evening paper on this continent was the Philadelphia Gazette, which saw the light in 1788. In Philadelphia the first American Bible was printed. The oldest type foundry in the whole country is located in the City of Brotherly Love.

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The Birthplace of the Stars and Stripes

The first American flag was made at No. 239 Arch Street. In Philadelphia was established the first mint of the United States, by Act of Congress in 1792, and our first national coins were struck at No. 29 North Seventh Street. The first piano was manufactured by John Behrent, in Philadelphia, in 1775. The mariners' quadrant was invented, in 1730, by Thomas Godfrey, in Germantown. Benjamin Franklin founded the first public library in America, in 1731, in Philadelphia. The first expedition fitted out in North America for the purpose of Arctic exploration sailed from the city of Philadelphia, March 4, 1753.

The theory that lightning and electricity were one and the same was first demonstrated in Philadelphia, by Franklin's famous kite experiments, in 1752. Franklin put up the first lightning-rod, on his dwelling-house, at the southeast corner of Second and Race Streets, in September of the same year. He founded, in the Quaker City, the first institution of science on this continent—the American Philosophical Society.

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Where the First Steamboat Was Run

Philadelphians laid the first railroad; and John Fitch navigated the first steam vessel, on the Delaware River, in July, 1786—many years before Robert Fulton's earliest steamboat plowed the waters of the Hudson. The first steamboat service in the world for carrying passengers and freight was established on the Delaware in 1790, between Philadelphia and Wilmington, covering 3000 miles in about four months.

The first medical school in the United States was opened in Philadelphia in 1752, and the first law school was started in the Quaker City in 1790. Philadelphia established the first hospital in this country connected with a university. The first school of anatomy in North America was opened by Dr. William Shippen in November, 1762. The first pleasure grounds on this continent for the use of the people were laid out in Philadelphia in 1681, and the first American volunteer fire company was organized here in 1736.

The first fire insurance company in the Colonies was a Philadelphia concern, incorporated in 1751, and the first corporate banking institution was established here by resolution of Congress in 1781—the Bank of North America. The first establishment ever devoted to the relief of the sick—the Pennsylvania hospital—was in Philadelphia.

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The Tea Party That Antedated Boston's

The deed of that band of patriots who threw the tea overboard in Boston Harbor has been celebrated in song and story, but some time before that notable event indignant Philadelphians sent back to England a cargo of British tea, and the city authorities passed resolutions on the subject, declaring that the enforced importation of the herb must be resisted. Later, in November, 1773, these resolutions were adopted word for word by the authorities of Boston.

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Philadelphians That Made History

From the beginning of the history of this country Philadelphians have taken leading parts in shaping the affairs and destiny of the nation. It was John Barry who, in command of the Alliance, fought the entire British squadron, and saved the cargo of specie which made the capital of the first chartered bank in the United States. It was Nicholas Biddle who, on the Randolph, engaged the British ship of the line Yarmouth, and perished in an explosion, with all his men. In the war with Tripoli, it was Truxton, in the Constellation, who captured La Vengeance and L'Insurgente. It was Decatur who entered the harbor of Tripoli and destroyed the frigate Philadelphia as she lay upon a reef. It was Mad Anthony Wayne who stormed the heights at Stony Point. It was John Cadwalader who struck the Hessians at Trenton and the British at Princeton.

In the War of the Rebellion, when the flood-tide of the civil conflict had entered Pennsylvania, it was George G. Meade, of Philadelphia, in command of the Army of the Potomac, who smote the blow which proved the death-stroke of the Confederacy.

It was John Bartram, a Philadelphian, whom Linnæus designated "the greatest naturalist in the world." It was Hare who invented the oxyhydrogen blowpipe. It was Rittenhouse who constructed the first orrery, counterfeiting the arrangement of the earth and planets and their movements, and who first observed the transit of Venus from American soil.

It was Benjamin West who became the greatest historical painter of England. It was Robert Morris, of the Revolution, who carried on his shoulders, like Atlas, the great burden of conducting the finances of the thirteen colonies through the darkest hour of our struggle for independence. In 1812, it was Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia, who performed a similar service; and in 1861 it was Jay Cooke who placed the bonds of the United States and made it possible to equip the brave boys in blue.

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Where Citizens Have Plenty of Water

Now, when it comes to miscellaneous facts, there are a good many very interesting things to be said about Philadelphia. For example, according to the figures of the Government census of 1890, there is no large city in the country in which there are not more bachelors than spinsters. This refers, of course, to males and females over twenty-one years of age. Philadelphians, however, have greater faith in the accuracy of the more recent local census made by the police, which shows that there are in the city 364,611 spinsters, against only 342,168 bachelors.

Every man, woman and child in Philadelphia, taking an average, uses 140 gallons of water each day. This is about double the per capita consumption of New York, which, if it means anything, would indicate that the people of this city are twice as clean as those of the metropolis on Manhattan Island.

Indeed, in the summer time, the water consumption of Philadelphia runs up to 180,000,000 gallons per diem. The Quaker City pays more than any other city in the United States for maintaining water works, and yet water is cheaper here than in any other town, with only three or four exceptions, costing nine dollars a year for the average dwelling.

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The Highest Tower in the United States

Philadelphia has the most costly city hall in the world, $15,000,000 having been spent in its construction. San Francisco comes next, with a city hall that cost $4,900,000, and Baltimore third, with a $3,000,000 municipal edifice. The tower of the City Hall at Broad and Market Streets is higher than any steeple or structure on earth erected in connection with an edifice—547 feet. It is taller than the Great Pyramid by sixty-seven feet, than St. Peter's at Rome by ninety-nine feet, and is nearly twice as high as the dome of the Capitol at Washington.

Philadelphia's world-famed park is unapproached on this continent in size and beauty—that is to say, by parks belonging to cities. It does not pretend to compete with the Yellowstone National Park in respect to dimensions. Fairmount Park, embracing nearly 2800 acres, is unequaled anywhere in picturesqueness, embracing, as it does, one of the most beautiful rivers in the world, and so much delightful scenery. The Zoological Garden is far ahead of anything of the kind found elsewhere in the United States.

The city has an annual ocean commerce, in imports and exports, of $100,000,000. Its manufactures are valued at $600,000,000 annually. Perhaps it is worth mentioning, incidentally, that the Government has all of the clothing, shoes and tents with which it equips the Army made in Philadelphia during peace times. Only the overflow orders since the outbreak of our recent war with Spain have gone to other places.

•

The Paradise of the Workingman

The City of Brotherly Love has been called the paradise of the workingman, because rents and living here are so cheap. There are comparatively no tenement houses. Each family occupies a separate house, which is fitted with all the modern conveniences, built of brick, with marble trimmings. These little homes consist of from four to ten rooms. They are built on well-paved streets, and are in every respect model homes for men of

limited means. A great majority of the workingmen own these homes, which they have purchased by the building association plan, which started in Philadelphia, but is now in operation in almost every city. This excellent scheme for saving money and eventually investing it in real estate has enabled many a workingman of thrifty habits not only to own his own home, but to purchase houses in such a way that the rental pays for the house within a short time.

There are no such markets anywhere as those of Philadelphia, and certain products, such as butter and chickens, are so famous that New York and other cities import them from Philadelphia in immense quantities at fancy prices. Philadelphia ice cream, pastry and bread are celebrated everywhere, not to mention the finer grades of candy and cake. In fact, Philadelphians have the reputation of being neater housekeepers, and of knowing how to live better, than the people of any other city on this continent.

Situated as it is on a neck of land between the Delaware and Schuylkill Rivers, Philadelphia possesses extraordinary water facilities. The former stream affords one of the best and safest harbors in the world. It is so deep that the largest war vessels or merchant steamships can come up to the city docks at any time. The city has a river front twenty miles long, and five miles of continuous wharves stretch along her shores.

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The Greatest Commercial Museum

The Philadelphia Museums are the most remarkable institution of their kind in existence. They occupy the whole of an immense building, which contains an assemblage of the natural and manufactured products of all the countries in the world. To this vast collection every city in the United States has contributed. The purpose of the institution is to stimulate commerce, and a manufacturer from anywhere, who chooses to visit it, can find out off-hand just where any article can be bought best and cheapest, and where there is demand for what he produces.

Samples of manufactures of every conceivable kind, from all parts of the earth, are on exhibition, and natural products as well, even to such minor curiosities as silk spun by tiny Mexican moths about the size of clothes moths, cloth of pine-needles, cottons from Brazil that are produced by Nature in various colors instead of white, like ours; vegetable sponges from Mexico, butter from the cow tree of Venezuela, which has a sap like milk; tanned skins of snakes from Costa Rica, ropes of human hair from Africa, necklaces of snake-bones and monkey vertebræ from the Dark Continent, rice bread and bean bread from Japan, and lumps of the Mexican tree-gum, which furnishes the raw material for all the chewing-gum made in the United States, the process of its manufacture for market consisting simply in adding flavoring substances.

The Philadelphia Textile School has no rival, great or small, on this side of the Atlantic. It was established in 1884, and forms one department of the great School of Industrial Art. Its business is to train students to a practical knowledge of textile industries, and its curriculum includes courses in chemistry, dyeing, weaving, carding and spinning, sketching, designing, and color harmony.

The Philadelphia College of Pharmacy is the oldest institution of its kind in the United States, occupying the largest building in the world devoted solely to instruction in the business of the apothecary. The buildings of the University of Pennsylvania are the biggest and handsomest college buildings in the country. Girard College is the only college in the world to which clergymen are not admitted, this having been a special condition of the will of its founder.

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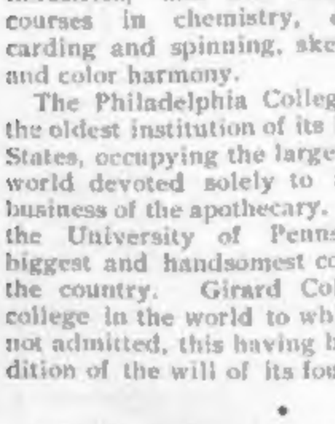
The Church Where Washington Worshiped

The most interesting old church in the United States is Christ Church, on Second Street, above Market. It stands to-day just as it was when finished in 1753. Above the street front of the edifice was formerly a bust of George III, with a crown, but these memorials of Royalty were taken down during the Revolution. The tower contains a chime which was sent over from England in 1755. Washington worshiped in this church, and Franklin and his wife, Deborah, are buried there.

The traction system of Philadelphia is the most wonderful in the world. But these are only some of the points for which the City of Brotherly Love is remarkable. There are enough of them to fill a big book. Taking merely the facts here given, however, it is obvious that the ancient joke about the backwardness of Philadelphia may be relegated to the exclusive use of the minstrel comedian.



BIDDLE

EDITOR'S NOTE—The writer desires to acknowledge indebtedness to Hampton L. Carson, Esq., of Philadelphia, for some of his most valuable material.

The World's Great Apple Problem

PROBABLY our great ancestor, Adam, little thought of the trouble he would cause posterity by eating an apple. But now the question as to how many apples he really did eat is a new difficulty.

How many apples did Adam and Eve eat? Was it one, or was it millions? When the subject was first mooted, the editor very naturally replied, "Why, one, of course."

"No," said the assistant editor, "Eve ate one, and Adam ate one, too, that's . . . . . 2."

Then the sub-editor passed along a slip of paper, on which was written, "Eve 81 and Adam 81, making . . . . . 162."

But the poet, who is a man of imagination, capped this with, "Eve 81 and Adam 812 . . . 893."

Then the publisher tried his hand, and his contribution was, "Eve 8142 see how it tasted, and Adam 812, equals . . . 8,954."

But his assistant beat the publisher, asserting that, "Eve 8142 see how it tasted, and Adam 8142 keep her company . . . 16,284."

The poet, who dislikes being surpassed as much as he hates barbers, came up to the scratch again with, "Eve 8142 see how it tasted, and Adam 81,242 keep her company . . . . . 89,384."

Then the humorist, who had been listening quietly, handed in his contribution, "Eve 8142 see how it tasted, and Adam 8,124,210-der a husband was he to see her eat alone, equals . . 8,132,352."

There the matter rests for the present, and we are very thankful it does rest.

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Bismarck's Favorite Number

DURING all his life, Prince Bismarck had the greatest veneration for the number three. He served three masters, fought in three wars which he brought about, signed three treaties of peace, arranged the meeting of the three Emperors, and established the Triple Alliance.

He had three horses killed under him during the Franco-Prussian War; he had three names, Bismarck, Schonhausen and Laurenberg, and three titles, Count, Prince and Duke. The armorial bearings of his family were a clover leaf and three oak leaves, and the motto of the Vidames of Halberstadt, from whom he was descended, is "*In Trinitate robur*"—"Strength in Trinity."

He had three children—Herbert, William and Marie; and, finally, three political parties were ranged under his domination: the Conservatives, the National Liberals and the Ultramontanes.

All the caricatures of Bismarck, whether in Germany or elsewhere, represented him with three hairs upon the top of his bald head.

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The Women Great Men Marry

BYRON married Miss Millbank to get money to pay his debts. It turned out a bad shift.

Robert Burns married a farm girl, with whom he fell in love while they worked together in the plow-field.

Milton married the daughter of a country squire. He was an austere recluse, while she was a rosy, romping country lass that could not endure the restraint imposed upon her; so they separated. Subsequently, however, she returned, and they lived tolerably happy together.

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were cousins, and about the only examples in the long life of English monarchs wherein sincere affection existed.

Shakespeare loved and wedded a farmer's daughter.

Washington married a woman with two children. It is enough to say that she was worthy of him, and they lived as married folks should—in perfect harmony.

John Adams married the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman. Her father objected on account of John's being a lawyer—he had a bad opinion of the morals of the profession.

John Howard, the great philanthropist, married his nurse. She was altogether beneath him in social life and intellectual capacity, and besides this was fifty-two years old, while he was twenty-five. He would not take "No" for an answer, and they were married and lived happily together until she died, which occurred two years afterward.

Peter the Great, of Russia, married a peasant girl. She made an excellent wife and a sagacious Empress.

Humboldt married a poor girl because he loved her. Of course, they were happy.

Edward Lytton Bulwer, the English statesman and novelist, married a girl much his inferior in position, and got a shrew for a wife. Of course, he was unhappy.

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An Experience With a Harmless Rattler

"THEY say a man takes his life in his hands who sleeps on the ground in Arizona," said a young civil engineer, the other day, to a reporter of the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune, "because there are so many snakes there. But, unfortunately, men of our profession cannot always choose their sleeping place.

"I was working on a job down there a while ago with another fellow, and one night we were obliged to lie down upon no better bed than our overcoats, stretched on the ground. We were too tired to be nervous, and slept soundly until after midnight, when my companion sprang up suddenly, waking me with a nervous start.

"'What's the matter?' I asked sleepily.

"'There's a rattler here.'

"I listened and heard nothing.

"'I don't hear him,' I said. 'Guess you've had a nightmare.' So we settled down again and composed ourselves for finishing our night's rest. In a few minutes my friend leaped to his feet once more.

"'There's a rattler here, sure's fate, and you'd better get up. I believe he's under my overcoat,' he exclaimed.

"It was queer that I couldn't hear it if it was so near. I cautiously extended my hand, feeling along the ground. Yes, I know it was a foolish thing to do, but we don't always stop to think. Suddenly I burst out laughing.

"'Yes,' I said teasingly, 'there is surely a rattler here, in your pocket, too. You tell your sweetheart not to write you letters on such stiff paper.'

"We slept soundly for the rest of the night, but often since then I have guyed him unmercifully about his 'rattler.'"

CADWALADER

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The Highest Cross in the World

CROSSES are placed in all sorts of positions, but the monster structure that has recently been erected on the peak of the highest of the Hartz Mountains can certainly claim to be the highest cross in the world. As a matter of fact, the cross is a tower, and has been built more for the purpose of sight-seeing than anything else. The tower stands on the Josephshaehe Mountain, and commands a magnificent view.

The mountain itself is 1731 feet above the level of the sea, and the cross-tower is 120 feet high. The colossal structure rests on a quadrangle, shaped into an immense hall, to hold 500 people. A stairway of 200 steps leads to the top, and a hydraulic elevator will soon make travel upward easier.

WISDOM OF AMERICAN HUMORISTS

II

JOSH BILLINGS' DEFINITIONS

CONTENTMENT is a kind of moral laziness; if there weren't anything but contentment in this world, man wouldn't be any more of a success than an angleworm is.

Silence is a still noise.

Bashfulness is ignorance afraid.

Sarcasm is an undertaker in tears.

Conscience is our private secretary.

Poverty is the step-mother of genius.

Economy is a first mortgage on wealth.

An aristocrat is a democrat with his pockets filled.

Fastidiousness is merely the ignorance of propriety.

Honest men are scarce, and are a going to be scarcer.

Prudery is nothing more than coquetry gone to seed.

Pleasure is like a hornet—generally ends with a sting.

Hope is a hen that lays more eggs than she can hatch out.

Success is a coquette, and a bashful lover never wins her.

WILLING

Gallantry may possibly be defined as the politeness of flattery.

Flattery is like Cologne water—to be smelt of, not swallowed.

Bliss is happiness boiling over and running down both sides of the pot.

The clam is a bulbous plant and resides on the under side of the water.

Conceited people are like eggs—too full of themselves to hold anything else.

The cross man goes through life like a sore-headed dog followed by flies.

Laughing is the sensation of feeling good all over and showing it in one spot.

A "gentleman about town" is one who pays cash for everything except his debts.

Rumor is like a swarm of bees—the more you fight them the less you get rid of them.

Marriage is an altar on which man lays his pocketbook and woman her love letters.

Honesty is like money; you have got to work hard to get it, and then work harder to keep it.

Genuine praise consists in naming a man's faults to his face and his good qualities to his back.

Anxiety is milking a kicking heifer with one hand and holding her by the tail with the other.

Incredulity is the wisdom of a fool; it is only a wise man who can afford to be credulous.

Envy is an insult to a man's good sense, for envy is the pain we feel at the excellencies of others.

The positive man bets his last dollar on a card and loses, and then tells you he knew he shouldn't win.

Envy is a disease original with Cain, but which his brother Abel caught, and died suddenly of.

The monkey is a human being, a little undersized, covered with hair, hitched to a tail, and filled with the devil.

Curiosity is the germ of all enterprise—men dig for woodchucks more for curiosity than they do for woodchucks.

The interviewer is a human ostrich, feeding on anything he can find, and digesting easily anything he can swallow.

Fortune is the aggregate of possibilities—a goddess whom cowards court by stealth, but whom brave men take by storm.

Kiss—The only way to define a kiss is to take one and then sit down, all alone, out of the draught, and smack your lips.

Friendship is like earthenware—if it is broken it can be mended; but love is like a mirror—once broken, that ends it.

Adversity is a poultice which reduces our vanity and strengthens our virtue—even a boy never feels half so good as when he has just been spanked and set away to cool.

NEWS FROM BOOK-LAND

David Harum, by Edward Noyes Westcott.—David Harum is not "the great American novel," as some over-enthusiastic reviewers have hailed it, but it is a good American novel—an unusually good one.

Properly speaking, it is a study rather than a story—a study of a hard-fisted, warm-hearted old country banker, who has a soul above lending money at six per cent., and who knows every hole through which one can dodge in and out among the usury laws.

David knows three things—country banking, horse-trading and human nature. His shrewdness and quaintness permeate every line of his conversation, and occasionally crystalize into such homely epigrams as, "Ev'ry hoss c'n do a thing better 'n' spryer if he's ben broke to it as a colt."

"A reasonable amount of fleas is good for a dog—they keep him f'um broodin' on bein' a dog."

"The's as much human nature in some folks as the' is in others, if not more."

"Do unto the other feller the way he'd like to do unto you, an' do it fust."

"It's a good sight easier to git a fish-hook in 'n 'tis to git it out."

The reader can see from this that Mr. Westcott had a good deal of trouble with his dialect, but despite its unnecessary exaggeration, it is not a hard dialect to read.

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So cleverly, yet so naturally, is David's unique personality shown to us, that it takes some time to discover whether he is the "hard, graspin', schemin' man" he is reputed to be, or whether there is the leaven of kindness in him. But on Christmas Day, when he turns over to the Widow Cullom the interest compounded during half a century on a dime which her husband had lent him once at the circus, and tells the story of that circus, he wins our undivided sympathy.

The story which serves as a background for this study has to do with a young New York man, whose father left him comparatively poor, and who comes to Homeville as David's cashier, wins his esteem, and a pretty girl in the last chapter. Aside from its unfolding in the first part of the book, where it drags somewhat, this story interferes with the main business of the book as little as need be—which is, perhaps, the best thing that can be said of it.

David Harum was written during its author's last sickness; for he died in March. But in it there is no sign of failing power, no lack of virility. Mr. Westcott knew his type and his color from the associations of a lifetime, and he has added a new and distinctive figure to American literature. (Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

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Good Americans, by Mrs. Burton Harrison.—There is a vein of irony in Mrs. Harrison's composition which crops out in the title of her latest book. Her good Americans are New Yorkers, as much as they are anything, and most of them are of that class who make a fortune simply by being born into the world. For, accepting the old French definition, which, for this book at least, seems to be Mrs. Harrison's, good Americans have plenty of money and spend it in Europe, even if they no longer haunt the *Bois de Boulogne* after death.

Peter Davenant, the present hero, is the exception to all this, for he is a rising young lawyer, and all the commonplaces of fiction demand that rising young lawyers be poor. So Peter is poor. But, none the less, the bars are let down for him, and he is invited into the sacred inclosure of "good society."

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There he meets and instantly falls in love with Sybil Gwynne, the Vere de Vere of one of our haughty, blue-blooded American families, and she as promptly reciprocates. It costs her the fortune of her rich aunt, but she marries him, and then, like good Americans, they proceed to travel—in Europe, of course—and to be unhappy. Their trip gives the author a chance to snarl up, and finally to unsnarl, their affairs, and to describe much scenery.

Good Americans is interesting, but it is not a story which will make its readers turn back the hands of the clock if they find themselves in the middle of it at bedtime. (The Century Company, New York.)

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II—Mistress Nancy Molesworth

By Joseph Hocking

The Hero.—I held my head high, and rode the best horse in the field. I was careful, too, to be well dressed, and I prided myself that, in spite of my poverty, I was inferior to none. I was young, regarded as handsome, stood over six feet in my stockings, and was well set up.

The Heroine.—She was but little more than twenty years of age, and in the moonlight looked younger. As far as I could judge, her hair was of chestnut hue, and it flashed brightly even in the night light. Her face appeared very pale, and her eyes shone as if she were much excited; but she was a very beautiful maid. She was not of the timid, shrinking kind which some men love, but stood up before me bravely, for the which even then I was glad. Nor was she little and weak; rather, she was taller than most women, and shaped with much beauty.

How it Began.—And I was there—behind the battlements of the home of the Killigrews—alone, save for the presence of two women.

"'Tis he," I heard a voice say, which I recognized as that of Amelia Lanteglos. And then I saw the other maid, whose face was partly hidden, turn toward me.

"Be not afraid," I said as gently as I could; for though I had little to do with them, I loved not to frighten women.

"What would you, sir?" said a voice low and sweet. "Amelia, my serving maid, hath persuaded me to come here to-night. It is against my better judgment I have come, but——" then she stopped, as though she knew not how to finish what she had begun to say.

How it Ended.—"Mistress Nancy."

She turned herself around quickly, and I saw her eyes gleam with the fires of hatred and anger. Her face was pale and hard, her whole body was rigid; but as her eyes caught mine, a change came over her as quick as a flash of light. In a second her eyes became soft and humid, her hands became unclenched, her form lost its rigidity, and a rosy flush mantled her face. It was as though a cold, cruel night in January had changed to a smiling June morning.

Her lips parted to speak, but she only uttered one word, but that word opened the gates of Heaven to me.

"Roger!"

It was a cry of surprise, of infinite relief, of untold joy.

I opened my arms. I could not help doing so, and I am sure she saw that my eyes burned with the fires of love. I took two steps toward her, my arms still extended. "Nancy," I said.

Then she came toward me and fell upon my shoulder. (The Doubleday & McClure Co., New York.)

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Moran of the Lady Letty, by Frank Morris.—After the author's engagingly frank statement in his opening paragraph that "this is to be a story of a battle, at least one murder, and several sudden deaths," the nervous reader feels inclined to caution the hero, Ross Wilbur, to be careful, when he finds that gentleman entering a low groggery on the San Francisco water front.

But Ross is not careful—a hero can't be in the opening chapters of a story of adventure—and, while he escapes "sudden death," our fears for him are partially realized. He is "shanghaied," after having been drugged, and wakes to find the schooner and the story under way. On the voyage, the bark Lady Letty, deserted by her crew, is sighted, with Moran, the dead Captain's daughter, in sole charge.

With this Norse Amazon, Wilbur falls in love, and the story ends, after a series of exciting adventures, with the promised murder. Mr. Norris has written a lively little book at least, and one that will keep its readers interested to the last page. (Published by the Doubleday & McClure Company, New York.)

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Ulysses S. Grant: His Life and Character, by Hamlin Garland.—Anecdote has come to play a curiously important part in modern biography. And this is not solely because we have grown less serious minded than our grandfathers, and must needs have our draughts of instruction made "fizzy" and sparkling for us.

But to appreciate properly what a man has done, we must understand what he was, and it is by anecdote that we best learn to know those traits of his character which make for strength and weakness.

Anecdote is simply a higher kindergarten method for adults, illustrating, making clear, and driving home the facts that they read. It serves as a personal interview with a man whom otherwise we should only have known from the description of a mutual friend.

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Of the President who made the nation, there are comparatively few "good stories" on record. Under the blighting shade of that upas tree of his youth, no crop of anecdotes, no matter how promising, could grow up. But the President who saved the nation had neither time nor inclination to experiment on the orchard with his axe, for there were unsplit fence rails and kindling always to his hand; and then, too, like other boys, perhaps he occasionally lied a little. Approachable, kindly, companionable, no man ever talked an hour with him but came away with some characteristic anecdote. And so it is that no man in American history is more justly appreciated than Lincoln.

His great lieutenant, Grant, whom Lincoln, with his quick sympathy understood and appreciated to the full, was as unlike him as could be. Grave, reserved and silent, what he was has not been thoroughly understood to this day, though what he did is schoolboy history.

PENN

Many sides of his character Mr. Garland shows for the first time to the world. With incredible industry and patience, he has delved and hunted for every authentic story which would help us understand him. He shows us the youth, plodding, industrious, conscientious, but discouraged; the soldier, successful after he had passed the years when first success comes knocking; the statesman, puzzled, bewildered, blundering sometimes, but striving honestly to do the right things; the ex-President, the victim of overconfidence, a loyal, if not too discriminating, friend; and lastly—that most pathetic chapter in American history—the betrayed and broken old man, fighting his brave fight against calumny and death.

Mr. Garland is candid, truthful, and impartial. He does not idealize his hero; he tries to present him as he was, the real man with all his strength, all his weakness. He has done a good thing, and done it well. (The Doubleday & McClure Co., New York.)

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Familiar Talks About Authors

MR. STEPHEN CRANE has completed a new story, which he has called The Monster. The scene is laid in an American village. The story centres round a negro who, in endeavoring to save the child of his master in a fire, is disfigured and becomes an imbecile.

IN HUNGARY, a ballet was lately produced which was based upon Mr. Rider Haggard's She. The author, hearing of the production, wrote asking for some programs, photographs, etc., and received a reply from the manager of the theatre that he was much shocked at the receipt of this letter, for he, in common with many other citizens of the dead Empire, had for months believed that the creator of She was dead. Mr. Haggard wrote again, and begged that a paragraph might be circulated among the newspapers to the effect that he was very much alive and in the best of health. The last heard was that the manager reported that no newspaper would insert the paragraph, that they declined to credit his statement, and looked upon his request as a clever, but unscrupulous, attempt to obtain advertisements for the ballet.

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BOOKS JUST FROM THE PRESSES

An American Cruiser in the East: John D. Ford: A. S. Barnes & Co.: Illustrated; Cloth		$ 2 50
Bob—Son of Battle: Alfred Ollivant: Doubleday & McClure Co.; Cloth		1 25
Cyrano De Bergerac: Edmond Rostand: Doubleday & McClure Co.; With Portrait; Cloth		50
Domitia: S. Baring-Gould: Frederick Stokes Co.; Illustrated; Cloth		
Four Months After Date—A Business Romance: Randall J. Tyler: Stuyvesant Publishing Co.; Cloth		
Great Books: Rev. Frederick W. Farrar, D.D.: T. Y. Crowell & Co.; With Portrait; Cloth		1 25
Home Games and Parties: Edited by Mrs. Hamilton Mott: Doubleday & McClure Co.; Cloth		50
Imperial America: The Policy of National Expansion: William C. Levere: Forbes & Co.; Paper		25
Inside of One Hundred Homes: William M. Johnson: Doubleday & McClure Co.: Illustrated; Cloth		50
In the Navy; or, Father Against Son: Warren Lee Goss: T. Y. Crowell & Co.; Illustrated; Cloth		1 50
Model Houses for Little Money: William L. Price: Doubleday & McClure Co.: Illustrated; Cloth		50
Mr. Jonnemacher's Machine: Lord Prime, Esq.: Knickerbocker Book Co.; Illustrated; Paper		35
My Invisible Partner: Thomas Denison: Rand, McNally & Co.; Cloth		
Phoebe Tilson: Mrs. Frank Pope Humphrey: Rand, McNally & Co.; Cloth		
The Blindman's World: Edward Bellamy: With Sketch by W. D. Howells: Houghton Mifflin & Co.		1 50
The Business Girl: Ruth Ashmore: Doubleday & McClure Co.; With Frontispiece; Cloth		50
The Joy of Service: Rev. J. R. Miller, D.D.: T. Y. Crowell & Co.; Cloth		75
The Patriots of Palestine: Story of the Maccabees: Charlotte M. Yonge: Thomas Whittaker; Illus.		1 25
The Study of Children, and Their School Training: Francis Warner, M. D.: Macmillan Co.; Illus.		
Visions: Sunday Morning Sermons: David H. Greer: Thomas Whittaker; Cloth		1 50
Young Peoples' Problems: Rev. J. R. Miller, D.D.: T. Y. Crowell & Co.; Cloth		75

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HOLLAND (Marken)

The quaint fisher-folk of Marken, two of whom are pictured here, are loyal subjects of the recently crowned Queen of the Netherlands. They are a simple, sober, industrious people, ever struggling to save their flat, marshy island from the encroachments of the sea.

This island was once a frontier or *mark* of the mainland, but was separated from it by an outburst of Nature in the 13th century. The people yet retain the style of dress worn at that time. The loose, sombre garb of the men, showing no linen, is lightened only by silver clasps and buckles, which are usually family heirlooms. Unlike their countrywomen of the mainland, who hide their tresses under close-fitting caps, the women of the isle allow their blond curls to hang about the face.

Because of the absence of the men on the ocean, the daily duties of the women fisher-folk cover the whole range of outdoor and indoor work. Thus the SINGER SEWING MACHINE has proved a great blessing in their busy lives, and has become deservedly popular.

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